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EDITORIAL

'I HEREBY PLEDGE . . .'

To get Sam Nunn and other prohibitionists off his back, John Tower resorted to the ultimate Southern strategy: taking what is known in the Bible Belt as a total abstinence pledge. But Tower's renunciation of Demon Chardonnay left us cold sober. He was not a Baptist bucking for church usher. If he'd sworn off gold-plated missiles, $1,000 wing nuts and chemical weapons, he would have set a worthy precedent for Defense Secretary-designates.

In fact, we can think of any number of public pledges that might prove useful. Jesse Helms, for example, might swear off tobacco companies rather than cigarettes. William Bennett, who gave up nicotine so that he could fight crack with pure heart and lungs, should say no to any drug policy based on just saying no.

Director of Central Intelligence William Webster should take a solemn oath on *Meet the Press* that he will abstain from covert actions. With Ted Koppel as his witness on *Nightline*, Judge Sessions of the F.B.I. should renounce eavesdropping on political dissidents. Koppel himself should promise that he'll stop inviting guests who run the political gamut from A to B. And while we're on TV anchors, how about a vow from Rather, Jenkins and Brokaw to stop traveling to foreign capitals to read teleprompters while dressed in trenchcoats, as though they are at the scene actually to report a story? And before a retiring Pentagon official is permitted out the door, he should sign an airtight agreement that he will not come back the next day as sales rep for a defense contractor—as would-be Secretary Tower did.

And let's not exempt George Bush from Pledge Week. In the interest of national security, he should forswear all cover-ups and instruct his men to deliver all classified documents sought in the Oliver North trial.

GAY POLITICS AND AIDS
Gore Vidal
Leslie Cagan
Jeffrey Escoffier
ACT UP
And Others

A BUSH RECESSION?
James K. Galbraith

FLAG BURNING
Martin Garbus

'PAUL ROBESON'
Nathan Irvin Huggins

THE SACRED CONSTITUTION
Michael Meltsner

THE SHEVARDNADZE SHUTTLE

MOSCOW'S NEW ROLE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

FRED HALLIDAY

The recent visit to five Middle Eastern capitals by Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze is the most important Soviet diplomatic mission to the region since Nikita Khrushchev flew in to consolidate friendship with Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1964. Shevardnadze has established the Soviet Union as an indispensable broker in the main regional disputes—the Arab-Israeli conflict and the Iran-Iraq war—and has increased pressure on the Bush Administration to produce a coherent new U.S. policy.

Soviet policy in the Middle East has been gathering momentum for some months. The new Soviet influence there is of great importance, not only for the area itself but also for Soviet-U.S. relations and for "new thinking," the fresh approach to international relations proclaimed by General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev. The Middle East has been a major obstacle to improved Soviet relations with the West, and much of the drive to break out of existing impasses comes from Moscow's broad strategic concern to reduce the impact of regional issues on superpower relations. Hence the search for joint positions with the United States on the Iran-Iraq war and the Arab-Israeli dispute, and Gorbachev's new emphasis on the role of the United Nations in actively pursuing solutions and policing agreements.

Soviet leaders now say that force has no role to play in resolving Third World issues and that Third World states have to learn to find political solutions, both with ex-

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EXCHANGE.

Gay Politics and AIDS

The following commentaries are among the many The Nation *received in response to Darrell Yates Rist's February 13 article, "AIDS as Apocalypse: The Deadly Costs of an Obsession." Additional replies will be published in the coming weeks.*

GORE VIDAL

Ninety percent of the American people believe that the sun goes around the earth. Can a people so ignorant ever make sense of anything? I doubt it. Our polity is now the least informed in the industrialized world, and Europeans are starting to tell American jokes every bit as disagreeable as our Polish jokes. Hume observed that the only way governors (who are few) can control the governed (who are many) is through opinion. Hence, the mindless busy-ness of our media and the calculated awfulness of our public schools, where superstitions and hatreds are kept alive like viruses, and prayers to Sky-Gods and Pledges of Allegiance to our masters have replaced the sort of learning that South Korean children master and ours know nothing of.

In order to control any population, one must first break it up into categories, some natural, some loony. Natural categories are the two sexes and the different races. It is generally pretty easy to make trouble between these groupings; and in their division is our masters' strength. Other useful categories can be invented by exploiting irrational hatreds, often religiously inspired. These are created through prohibitions. Prohibit same-sex sex. Then, should same-sex sex be practiced, it will be punished. Now, the mistake that gay liberation has made from the beginning is to take seriously our rulers' categorizing. The line should have been: There is no such thing as a gay—or straight—person. But since you insist that there is, we, the stigmatized, will turn to law and, if necessary, force to make sure that homo and hetero acts enjoy parity. No more. And, in time, that would have been that. But instead gay liberation chose to judge itself by the enemy's standard. Hence, gay ghettoes, gay sensibility (what in God's name do Eleanor Roosevelt and Roy Cohn have in common?) and gay life style as promoted by those cynical hustlers at the *Advocate* in the 1970s and early 1980s. Now, AIDS has allowed the governors to re-demonize a tribe that never existed in the first place. What is to be done? Darrell Yates Rist's practical suggestions are excellent, particularly on beefing up antiviolence work. Otherwise, I would suggest that there be less fretting over an "epidemic" that is nothing but a familiar pretext to exert more and more controls over everyone through mandatory blood, urine and lie-detector tests, and that there be more smoking out of those who are actually running the national machine, and how it is and why it is that they have managed to keep the people so docile and so ignorant for so long, as their money continues not to trickle but to gush ever upward.

For forty-one years, Gore Vidal's role model has been Salman Rushdie.

LESLIE CAGAN

Initially, when thinking about my response to Darrell Yates Rist's hard-hitting and often insightful piece on the lesbian and gay movement's relationship to the AIDS crisis, I wanted to comment on at least one element that was missing. I agree with much of what Rist says, and perhaps most striking is his description and analysis of the imbalanced placement of resources within our community. The reality of which issues and efforts are funded, and where that funding comes from, is central to understanding any movement for social change.

What is missing from Rist's piece is an exploration of the ways that the AIDS crisis has opened up new parameters in the struggle for lesbian and gay liberation. Rist rightly points out that some people in the gay movement have too narrowly defined our struggle. He seems, though, to ignore the large numbers of white, middle-class gay men who, in ways never before experienced, have come to deeper and broader understandings of gay oppression. There are countless examples of previously nonactivist gay men having their minds and hearts opened in completely new ways through the painful process of confronting AIDS. The nature of the AIDS crisis has forced our community to address the realities of the health care system, insurance companies, state legislatures, a biased press, religious institutions and various levels of government agencies, to name a few. This contact has shed new light on the forms and varieties of gay oppression, as well as often deepening the appreciation for the struggles of other communities, even to the extent that there are some instances of greater willingness to seek out meaningful coalitions.

I'm afraid that at times Rist's probing discussion comes off a little hardhearted and seems to ignore the very real medical, social and political crisis generated by the AIDS epidemic. He is correct to point out that AIDS is not the only important issue confronting our community. What is missing, though, is a more thorough look at the ways we and the population in general have become more finely tuned to the many levels of oppression against lesbians and gays.

But as I thought about his piece more, I realized that I most wanted to comment on one of the underlying premises of his argument. It is most clearly and strongly stated at the very end of the article: "It isn't a virus that for centuries has deprived us gay men and lesbians of our freedom, nor is it this epidemic that now most destroys our lives. Nor is it bigotry. *It's our own shame, a morbid failure of self-respect and sane, self-righteous anger.*" [Emphasis added.]

We would of course miss a great deal if we denied the toll that oppression takes in terms of self-respect and pride. But to state that this is the cornerstone of what has deprived us of our freedom is to misstate grossly the relationship. Rist goes on to say, "For wholeness demands more than arguing with bigots, more than crying for acceptance, more than fighting against disease." True. But more, much more, is needed. What we seem to have lost sight of during our twenty-year post-Stonewall history is that we must be fighting for the power to control our lives. We need to understand more deeply the systemic nature of our oppression, and fight on all fronts for liberation, not only for civil rights or against a deadly disease.

As lesbians and gay men, we each interact every single day with a homophobic, sexist, racist and class-stratified culture, and that takes its toll on us. To varying degrees we each have taken on some level of shame or lack of self-respect, and we have made a dent in struggling against that in ourselves and each other. But unless and until we are able to challenge and alter the power relationships that define our possibilities, there will always be a limit on the possibilities of personal change and growth.

Let us always try to be as clear as possible: We lesbians and gay men are NOT the cause of our own oppression. That oppression has a long history, and is now so often intertwined with sexism and racism and class structures. As we seek a sense of pride and of self, we must not fall into our own version of blaming the victim.

Leslie Cagan was the New York coordinator of the 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights and is a longtime peace and justice activist.

MARTIN BAUML DUBERMAN

I want to offer one bit of personal experience in support of Darrell Yates Rist's main contention, but then to disassociate myself from some of his secondary points.

First, the support. Three and a half years ago a group of gay and lesbian scholars banded together, at my invitation, to form a center for gay and lesbian studies, culminating two years later in our being welcomed to the Graduate Center of the City University

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EDITORIALS.

Pass the Rum

"My only great qualification for being put in charge of the Navy is that I am very much at sea." That was Sir Edward Carson in 1916, but it might as well be George Bush today. The S.S. America is adrift, and among the foreign policy establishment there is a general clamor of alarm.

But perhaps the drift is no bad thing. First, let's be honest, there is a certain *Schadenfreude* to be had from watching James "If-this-is-Tuesday-it-must-be-Belgium" Baker's frantic dash around the potential burden-sharers of Western Europe; from the endless mileage that cartoonists can wring from John Tower, champagne glasses and women's underwear; and from the new joke, prompted by Emperor Hirohito's burial, that funerals were the only foreign affairs Bush ever proved he could handle.

There's another argument too. On the evidence of the past, Bush's lack of "the vision thing" is a positive relief. After all, Henry Kissinger had the vision thing; so did Alexander Haig and Jeane Kirkpatrick. And look where they got us. Bush's first stumbling weeks more accurately reflect the real shifts that have taken place in the global power game,

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and although the world may not ultimately be much better off run by Tokyo pension-fund managers, at least the facts are now less concealed.

In Asia, Bush did strive for grandiloquence, but the effect was lame. At best, he stated the obvious: If you have an annual $280 billion in trade with Asia, of course you're a major Pacific power. Otherwise, the visit was full of gaffes and dubious signals, like the shocking abandonment of the Chinese dissident Fang Lizhi, and the bewildering selection of Donald Gregg, unindicted villain of the Iran/*contra* scandal, to be Ambassador to South Korea, which is already seething with anti-American feeling.

Elsewhere, U.S. initiatives are absent. Again, no bad thing: When a vacuum appears, life does not grind to a halt. Instead, people discover that they can hack it quite nicely without imperial tutelage. In El Salvador and Nicaragua, and perhaps in the Middle East too, logjams are breaking. Under the auspices of the Israeli monthly *New Outlook* and the Palestinian daily *Al-Fajr*, P.L.O. members and Israeli parliamentarians will talk next week in New York.

So two cheers for drift.

Recession?

From a political standpoint, George Bush needs a recession. Such an event would end the nervous talk about rising inflation. Imports would fall, moving U.S. trade accounts toward balance. The political costs in 1990 of high unemployment would be negligible, since the Democrats control both the House and Senate, and there is little prospect that the Republicans will win back either one. Meanwhile, plant closings, layoffs and disinflation would set the stage for robust growth three and four years from now, assuring Bush of re-election.

If the President wants a recession he can almost certainly have one. The budget deficits have been falling for four years as a share of the G.N.P. and now contribute little to new growth. The strong export surge that has kept the economy going since early 1987 may be petering out. Alan Greenspan, chair of the Federal Reserve Board, stands ready to push interest rates up and defend the dollar, and thus prevent a new export surge. A tightening of the money supply, starting now, could have us in recession by September.

But odds are that Bush will pass up his chance, for two reasons. First is the fear that the financial system might break under the strain. Corporate and personal debt loads are at record highs, while uncovered losses in the crippled savings and loan industry mount every month. In the East, commercial real estate losses are rumored to be looming over the balance sheets of major banks. And for at least one or two select institutions, the Bank of America and Manufacturers Hanover being most often mentioned, the prospect of an eventual write-down of Third World loans remains a threatening proposition.

There is no doubt whatever that the financial problems of U.S. banks and companies can be managed, provided that growth continues. But it is a reasonable fear that recession might put the situation out of control. Suppose, for example, that G.N.P. growth fell by four percentage points, from a projected 3 percent gain to a 1 percent loss in 1990. The budget deficit, in that case, might rise by $60 billion to $70 billion—cresting once again above $200 billion. Would Congress be prepared to cut taxes and increase spending to end the recession? Would it appropriate the tens of billions that might be required by the S&L and commercial bank insurance funds? Could the regulatory agencies prevent a chain reaction of financial runs? Could the courts handle the bankruptcies? Would the world financial system manage the shock of general moratoriums on debts? Perhaps so, in every case—but who wants to run these risks?

The second reason Bush may shy away from recession is political. He is the third elected Republican President since the New Economics took power in 1961, but the first to follow another Republican. Inflation was high when both Nixon and Reagan took office, and each could claim that they inherited an economic mess from the Democrats, making recession inevitable. Bush can present neither excuse.

And if there is no policy-induced recession? Slow growth can continue along present lines: a large, if more or less stable, trade deficit and slowly rising inflation. The tension between these two problems is direct. Progress against the trade deficit requires a depreciation of the dollar, which leads directly to rising prices on imports and more inflationary pressure. Greenspan is signaling his priorities, which are to support the dollar and keep the inflation rate down. And Bush has signaled his as well, publicly criticizing the Fed for pursuing a slow-growth policy.

The upshot of this impasse is good news, both economically and politically. The economy needs sustained growth, even if slow. Steady growth is good for wages, and will help labor recover its nerve and power of initiative. It is good for investment. It is good for industrial competitiveness, since it provides more time for technological advances to be developed and introduced, and for them to pay off. It is good for government, being by far the most powerful means for raising revenues and reducing deficits. And a little more inflation would actually help the financial structure by revaluing assets and devaluing debts.

There are smart people around who argue that the vast expansion of low-wage manufacturing in Asia, Mexico, Brazil and elsewhere in this decade—aimed at the U.S. market—is destined to impose an almost permanent discipline on U.S. wages and costs. Perhaps, and if so nothing can stop the political as well as economic success of the first Bush Administration. But this argument assumes that our huge trade deficit and the present level of the dollar can be maintained. If financial pressures for a falling dollar are more likely (as I believe), then inflationary pressures from rising import prices are inevitable.

In that case, over the long run the Bush-Greenspan impasse will bring a slow rise in inflation and the onset of an inflationary psychology. The more prolonged the rise, the more deeply imbedded the psychology will become. By 1991 we could see inflation rates in the range of 8 percent, with double digits just over the horizon. This will give the lie to

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the pretense that the Reagan-Bush years have somehow cured, rather than merely suppressed, the inflationary propensities of advanced capitalism. It will be a source of acute, debilitating embarrassment for Republicans to find themselves treading in the footsteps of their favorite whipping boy, Jimmy Carter. It may force them to the most suicidal of political errors, a recession in 1992.

With such cheerful prospects, should progressives be cheering Bush and Greenspan on? Hardly. There is a real prospect that we will inherit the eventual mess. And we had better have thought carefully about what to do then. The questions are clear enough: How to sustain growth? How to make the economy competitive? How to end inflation without resort to recession? What we as progressives have notoriously failed to provide so far are credible answers, and unless we come up with some, Bush's economic dilemma may eventually become our own. JAMES K. GALBRAITH

James K. Galbraith is the author of Balancing Acts: Technology, Finance and the American Future, *just published by Basic Books.*

Junkman in D.C.

Henry Kravis prefers doing deals to cajoling Congress. But for the moment, Washington has taken precedence over Wall Street for this leveraged buyout artist and his creative colleagues at Kohlberg, Kravis and Roberts (K.K.R.). The investment bankers are acutely worried that Congress may take away their paints.

Last December, some of the most powerful in Congress were clamoring for an abrupt end to the buyout madness after the unprecedented $25 billion RJR Nabisco deal. No fewer than nine investigations were launched. In response, the normally secretive Kravis promptly assembled a supporting cast of lobbyists and personally began trying to convince key senators and representatives that L.B.O.s are elixirs for what ails corporate America. And Kravis appears to be succeeding, with help from such unlikely parties as Representative Tom Downey, a liberal New York Democrat who is a member of the pivotal Ways and Means Committee. Downey has helped arrange meetings for Kravis with Democrats on Capitol Hill, even though Kravis was one of George Bush's major fund-raisers last year.

As Disraeli once said, there are "three kinds of lies—lies, damned lies, and statistics," and L.B.O. partisans have labored mightily to keep Congress awash in the last. Instead of taking the word on L.B.O.s from Kravis now, Congress should invest at least one of those nine investigating committees with subpoena power so it can investigate some of the target companies inside out. The buyout by K.K.R. of Houdaille Industries is a perfect place to start.

In 1979, K.K.R. "leveraged," or bought largely with a debt issue, Houdaille (pronounced "WHO-dye"), a Florida-based conglomerate with some 8,000 employees and gross annual sales of $410 million. The deal was not just a buyout; it was a benchmark. Until then, no corporation worth more than $100 million had ever been leveraged. When K.K.R. engineered the $355 million deal, Wall Street investment bankers said, Holy Mackerel, look at this! L.B.O.s began getting bigger and bigger.

The firm of Kravis et al. is quite proud of the Houdaille buyout, calling it, in a thirty-four-page study it commissioned on the virtues of L.B.O.s, "a case study in the ability of LBOs to withstand economic adversity." The report contends that all "of the Houdaille 'constituents' . . . fared well in the LBO." Owners of Houdaille stock, which was trading at around $15 a share before the buyout, received $40 per share. Top management was handsomely rewarded, as were those managers who stayed on, the institutional investors, the banks that bought Houdaille's "junk bond" debt offering and, of course, Kohlberg, Kravis and Roberts.

But what was the price of success? The K.K.R. report doesn't mention Houdaille's almost complete collapse as a major machine tool builder or the hundreds of high-paying manufacturing jobs that were lost as a result. Nor is there one word about a factory that became a warehouse for foreign imports. Yet these facts are just as much a part of the Houdaille story as the "superior" returns realized by K.K.R. and investors.

For the first two years after the buyout, Houdaille was able to go about its business as usual. By 1982, however, the conglomerate was caught in a triple bind of debt, recession and competition. Debt, of course, was a given. But no one in 1979 foresaw the worst recession since the 1930s, or the Japanese competition in machine tools. In pre-buyout days, Houdaille could have suspended dividend payments to tide itself over until better times or borrowed money to help make itself more competitive. But the heavy debt it had to service as a result of the L.B.O. ruled out those alternatives.

At the time of the buyout, Kohlberg, Kravis and Roberts promised investors a pot of gold by 1984—that is, a financial windfall when Houdaille reissued public stock after paying down its debt. Instead, the Houdaille stock became a "dog," to borrow from the vernacular of Wall Street.

Houdaille doesn't exist anymore except as a hollow shell, a holding company with a letterhead. John Crane, its most profitable division, was sold to a British conglomerate in 1987. Other parts of Houdaille were either merged, purged or taken over in other leveraged buyouts. Yet according to the K.K.R. study, the chief (and to K.K.R. the only) significance of the buyout was that "Houdaille never fell behind on its debt service . . . [and] superior returns were *realized* by the investors." [Emphasis in original.]

Before corporate indebtedness becomes the nation's fourth debt crisis, Congress should not invite but *compel* Kravis and his kind to defend publicly their reshaping of corporate America. MAX HOLLAND

Max Holland, a contributing editor of The Nation, *is the author of* When the Machine Stopped, *a study of the Houdaille buyout, just published by Harvard Business School Press. He is scheduled to testify on the buyout before the House Subcommittee on Labor and Management.*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Gigadibs in Satan Storm

Standing Room Only as Bandwagon Rolls

Like almost everyone else I bump into, including the amiable Iranian who presented me with a copy of *The Satanic Verses*, I feel sympathy for Rushdie, though I doubt whether a chorus line of writers and intellectuals shouting "We are all Salman Rushdie" from behind well-guarded doors in New York City carries much weight with the Ayatollah, and a delegation to Qom or even Beirut would probably be vetoed as altogether too risky a proposition.

What's irking about the Rushdie affair is the emphasis on its singularity: a writer under public sentence of death; chain stores with the manifest power to sentence his book to similar extinction; writers united against the rage of Islam. At first sight it does seem unwonted that Rushdie can't go to his neighborhood Indo-Pak restaurant in Islington without wondering whether the chap taking his order for mutton biriani hasn't got a knife in one pocket and an invoice to the Ayatollah in the other. (It probably didn't help Rushdie's peace of mind either to go along, the day after Khomeini issued his big thumbs down, to Bruce Chatwin's memorial service and be greeted by Paul Theroux with the merry cry "You here, Salman? You're next.")

But now that almost everyone of moment in Western culture has decided that support for Rushdie is a (virtually risk-free) token of intellectual and physical gallantry, it is time to remember that Rushdie's fix may be grievous but is scarcely unique and that, as always, the lust for free speech is tempered by the nature of the speech—and the speaker—under siege.

Even revulsion at murderous Islamic intolerance is somewhat selective. For almost a decade, without one word of demur or scarcely even of interrogation from the intellectual community, the United States government has been pouring money into the hands of Afghan fundamentalists who have repeatedly announced their determination to emulate Khomeini's politico-religious agenda and who stand poised, with the continuing financial and military connivance of the United States, to carry out a reactionary enterprise that promises to be barbarous in the extreme. Has, for example, a single women's organization in this country lobbied either the Bush Administration or its predecessor on the topic of likely reprisals against the freedoms won by Afghan women in recent years?

One of the great failures of the left in the late 1970s, both inside and outside Iran, was its inability to analyze what the mullahs would likely do, and the power they would wield, after the fall of the Shah (on whose head, incidentally, the Ayatollah also placed a million-dollar bounty). But even with the savage lessons of history being spelled out in blood in Iran today, where as I wrote here last month, the mullahs have been massacring thousands of their imprisoned political opponents, insouciance about the prospects for freedom in Afghanistan extends from most of the left across the political spectrum.

Black Sheep Shunned in Flock Furor

Some Things Too Free for Freedom?

The Ayatollah pronounced sentence of death, and the intellectuals rightly circled their wagons round Rushdie's name. But how many of them have been as vocal in the case of others to assert the absolute freedom of expression they have been so eager to invoke? On ABC's *Nightline* Norman Mailer, asked whether Judeo-Christian sensibilities were as delicate as Islam's, said that in the case of offensive matter, such as a questioning of the reality of the Holocaust, "In America we really have a great sophistication in handling works that we don't like."

The outfit in the United States that does publish material belittling generally accepted accounts of the Nazi extermination of the Jews is called the Institute for Historic Review. I don't recall much fuss when its offices in Torrance, California, were firebombed in July 1984. Perhaps this is what Mailer meant by "sophistication" in handling such heterodox opinion. In Canada authorities twice, in 1985 and 1988, placed the German landed immigrant Ernst Zundel on trial for circulating literature arguing that the Holocaust was a hoax. The pretexts for charging Zundel were sections of the legal code establishing criminal sanctions against "spreading false news" or making statements that willfully promote hatred against any identifiable groups. This latter sanction was used by Canadian customs officials when they temporarily intercepted *The Satanic Verses*, barring its entrance to the country.

Zundel saw his fifteen-month prison sentence of 1985 (plus an order not to write about World War II) set aside on a technicality during appeal. Last year he was sentenced to nine months in prison. The details of the case were well publicized in the United States. There was most certainly no outcry here against these interdictions of freedom of expression. Indeed, after Zundel's first conviction, in 1985, *The Boston Globe* editorialized that the verdict was "welcome as a sign that the members of one jury possessed the will to condemn a familiar form of evil." Exhibiting a great deal more principle, the Toronto *Globe and Mail* saw the conviction as a blow to free speech and urged that the laws making it possible be repealed.

More famously, when Noam Chomsky wrote in support of the right of Robert Faurisson to publish his views on Nazi genocide, there was a concerted attempt, which retains considerable vigor to this day, to exile him permanently from mainstream public discourse. Of course this attack was largely opportunistic, having mostly to do with Chomsky's record as a genuinely dissident intellectual critical of, *inter alia*, U.S. and Israeli state orthodoxies and an upholder of such impolitic causes as Palestinian rights.

In fact Chomsky's experiences are enlightening on the matter of American sophistication in handling contentious material. The embryo of his work *The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism* (the first volume of *The Political Economy of Human Rights*, co-authored by Ed Herman and published in 1979 by South End Press) was a mono-

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graph written in 1972-73 under contract with Warner Modular Publications, a subsidiary of the Warner communications and entertainment conglomerate. The monograph was printed up in 20,000 copies and readied for publication. Then officials of the parent company read it and were much affronted by its "unpatriotic" contents. These officials refused to allow distribution to go ahead and even reneged on a subsequent ludicrous compromise that the monograph be issued in tandem with a "balancing" one by the state-supportive Ithiel de Sola Pool. They closed down Warner Modular and sold its assets, including the monograph, to another remote affiliate without any distribution facilities. A few years later another Warner affiliate was criticized for paying vast sums for Richard Nixon's memoirs. "If we abridge the freedom of any one writer or publisher," the president of this affiliate virtuously announced in defense of the $2 million advance to Nixon, "we effectively abridge the freedom of all."

Cannibal Rage at 'Flesh Ghouls' Slur

Veggie: 'I'm Sorry to Have Caused Them Pain'

Because there is scarcely any Islamic component in the national culture here, the offense caused by Rushdie to pious Moslem sensibilities is barely understood. And here is my main beef with Rushdie. He should never have apologized, offering an expression of regret that he may have caused offense to "sincere followers of Islam." This obviously would not propitiate Khomeini and was manifestly untrue anyway. Rushdie wrote a consciously blasphemous work, so the "sincere followers" were precisely the people he desired to piss off. (There's a more sophisticated argument about the antinomian impulse being essentially a recognition of the power of the *nomos* being traduced, as with the Spanish oath "I shit on the Virgin," but I'm not sure the Ayatollah would have found this particularly convincing either.) Maybe if Rushdie had offered to split his royalties with the Ayatollah, some kind of tasteful deal could have been struck. Compromise can often be elicited from what may appear to be inflexible intellectual postures. Voltaire—much invoked these recent weeks—did, as Edward Said takes pleasure in reminding me, enter into private communication with the Pope as an insurance policy in the case of some unexpected and vexatious terminal interview with St. Peter.

On this matter of sensibility there's a certain, often unconscious double standard. Back in 1985 I had an item in this column about Shimon Ben-Shlomo, a member of the Knesset and of the Knesset Committee for Foreign and Security Affairs. As a member of the Sephardic ultraorthodox Shas Party, Ben-Shlomo had powerful religious convictions, which he had no reservation in expressing to Amnon Levy of *Hadashot*. In response to the question, "Would you stone to death your brother for driving a car on the Sabbath?" Ben-Shlomo said, "Sure. If he was indicted in religious court and sentenced to death by stoning, we all have to stone him. . . . It is the best for his soul. The whole life in such a person in the existing reality is death, and we give him life by stoning him."

This exchange appeared in "Beat the Devil" for June 15, 1985. But in my manuscript and subsequent galley proofs there was a further paragraph, which read as follows:

> As Professor Israel Shahak of Hebrew University, who translated these remarks [i.e., the interview in *Hadashot*] in his invaluable résumé of the Hebrew-language press, says, "Judaism as it was universally practiced by Jews until about 200 years ago, and as it is still practiced by many, is the enemy of every other human endeavor. It prohibits art, curiosity and science. It brainwashed its adherents to a mindless worship of 'leaders' (sages, holy rabbis, etc.), who are worshiped even when they break in the most blatant manner the rules of the religion they profess. It is cruel and bloodthirsty to everyone. It is superstitious and tries to promote ignorance."

Shortly before *The Nation* was due to be sent to the printers, I received an urgent phone call from the copy department. My quotation from Professor Shahak had prompted deep disquiet at *The Nation*, particularly since my use of the word "invaluable" appeared to indicate my approval of Shahak's overall intellectual disposition and therefore of these critical remarks about Judaism. The remarks, it was judged, were anti-Semitic and would deeply offend many *Nation* readers. Would I please remove them. It seems that the complainers had called around asking if the quotation was anti-Semitic and proposing that Professor Shahak's remarks constituted an attack on Jewish culture and the Jewish people, which is precisely what those pious Moslems have been saying about Rushdie, some of them also asserting that his work has further demonized a culture already thoroughly demonized in the West.

Of course Big Vic, though he shares both the Ayatollah's preference for a beard and his roguish sense of humor, did not call for my head (or if he did, intervening with the death order by long-distance telephone from Israel, where he happened to be at the time, it was with the promise of a reward so firmly in the low two figures that no one could be bothered to take him up on it). At *The Nation* they insisted that the Shahak quote would upset lots of people, so in the end I took it out.

But I did so with the thought that if I had submitted some similarly contentious passage about Christianity or Islam or Buddhism or any other faith, it would have passed through without protest. So those preaching, as they should, the desirability of freedom of speech should simultaneously search their hearts for instances when they have either actively or passively endorsed the notion that some limitation might decently be applied, that a writer has unnecessarily gone too far. This can happen, but aside from everything else, the Rushdie affair should evoke greater recognition of the censoring mechanisms embedded in the political culture and exercised on a daily basis with little or no protest from the intellectuals shouting that they are all Salman.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Ethics, Establishment-Style

Lloyd Cutler has really been on the warpath. First, this overly esteemed Washington lawyer chaired the commission that proposed a 51 percent pay hike for members of Congress. More recently, as a member of Bush's Commission on Federal Ethics Law Reform, he suggested weakening financial disclosure requirements for government employees.

Under current reporting rules, many government officials must reveal their income from stocks, rental properties and other assets. They do not have to state the precise amount of income but must indicate the category it falls into: $1,000 to $5,000 is the lowest ranking; over $250,000 is the highest. Cutler and other commission members found that even this limited accounting was a "burden" for those filing. While preparing their final report, press accounts noted, the commissioners decided to recommend that Federal officials disclose only whether the amount falls below or exceeds a certain figure, say $50,000. Good-government advocates, including Common Cause, immediately cried foul.

Instead of requiring less information, the government should demand more. For instance, from the disclosure form John Tower recently filed, there is no way of telling what the Senator-turned-consultant did to earn the $153,334 he received last year from Maxwell Communications in London, the conglomerate of global media mogul Robert Maxwell. That payment topped the publicized fees Tower collected from military clients individually. But "services rendered" is not an entry on the form, and a spokesman for Tower at the Pentagon would not provide any details. By the way, Christopher Silvester, a journalist with *Private Eye* in England and a longtime Maxwell watcher, reports that coverage of Tower's tortuous nomination process was a bit slim in the usually sensationalistic Maxwell press.

■ From the Horse's Mouth

In disclosing his finances Tower also acknowledged payment for an article he wrote last year for Touche Ross, the accounting and consulting firm. The subject was none other than ethics in government, and the piece was included in a slick report, "Ethics in American Business." Tower's mealy-mouthed essay noted the importance of integrity in government but warned that citizens should not demand too much from their officials. With prescience, he pronounced "troublesome" the "increasing trend toward a political climate where . . . public servants are judged less on the quality of their views . . . than on whether they have lived their entire lives free of blemish." He cautioned that insisting "public servants meet an unrealistic standard that very few Americans can approximate will render public service an office to which many otherwise highly capable individuals will no longer be able to aspire." But Tower had nothing to say about the subject he knows best: retired public officials who cash in as consultants for the special interests whose business they once influenced and who then try to return to government service. For his piercing analysis, Tower got $4,000—about $3 per word, quite a generous rate—from the company, which itself boasts among its clients firms with Pentagon contracts.

■ Spin Control

Last year Congress tried to shut the revolving door that spins its members and aides into lobbying jobs. Reagan vetoed the bill, and the door keeps whirling. Take the case of Robert Mills. In 1988 the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted to "decertify" the Bahamas as a country that is "fully cooperating" with U.S. antidrug efforts and is therefore deserving of U.S. aid. Those supporting the action cited a State Department report noting that despite a "climate of cooperation, narcotics-related corruption continues to be a problem in the Bahamas" and that the Bahamas had not dealt "with systemic corruption, which continues to make the Bahamas attractive to drug traffickers." (Shortly before, Reagan had O.K.'d the Bahamas in the course of an annual review, required by law, of twenty-four major drug production and transshipment centers and their governments' efforts to assist in the fight against drugs.)

Decertification met strong resistance on the Senate floor, where Dennis DeConcini, a Democrat, was one of the Bahamas' most forceful protectors. DeConcini's main aide on the issue, according to another Senate aide involved in the fight, was Robert Mills. DeConcini and Mills won out. Mills, who did not return our calls, also worked to pass a multimillion-dollar joint U.S.-Bahamas drug interdiction project, the other aide says. Where is Mills now? Last fall he joined the lobbying firm of Parry and Romani. According to Justice Department records, Mills will represent the Bahamas in "legislative and other matters," which likely will include a future certification battle.

In the meantime, Senator Strom Thurmond, the main backer of last year's antilobbying bill, has reintroduced the measure, which would prohibit high-level Senate aides from lobbying on behalf of a foreign power for eighteen months after they leave the Hill.

■ Gay-Baiting Yes, Gay-Bashing No

Just a few months ago Senator Orrin Hatch called the Democratic Party "the party of homosexuals," one which, as such, has "denigrated a lot of values that have made this country the greatest." Now Hatch and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force are both backing a bill that would direct the Department of Justice to compile and publish data on gay-bashing and other hate crimes. Hatch, in fact, is a lead sponsor of the measure, along with Paul Simon. A similar bill was scuttled last year when Jesse Helms angrily promised to attach an amendment declaring homosexuality a threat to the survival of the family and calling for tough enforcement of antisodomy laws. If Helms tries again, Hatch will be expected to lead the charge against his fellow Republican and conservative titan. Is Hatch trying to soften his image in hopes of becoming a more significant player in the Democrat-controlled Senate or, perhaps, a less threatening Supreme Court nominee?

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ARTICLES.

SUPREME COURT RETREAT?

The 'Crime' of Flag Burning

MARTIN GARBUS

On March 21 the Supreme Court will hear argument on whether the government has the power to punish a politically motivated burning of the American flag. Up to now it seemed that the Court had already spoken definitively on the issue. But, as with abortion and affirmative action, the Reagan-packed Rehnquist Court is retrenching—in this case reaching out to write a decision that will severely damage the First Amendment by holding that criminal statutes can punish symbolic expressions of free speech.

It is not surprising that the case limiting the right to speak should arise from a flag burning case. Chief Justice William Rehnquist, in a dissent fifteen years ago, when the Court refused to hold flag burning a crime, wrote that "the true nature of the state's interest in this case is not only one of preserving 'the physical integrity of the flag' but also one of preserving the flag as an important symbol of nationhood and unity. . . . It is the character not the cloth of the flag that the states seek to protect."

The new case arose from an arrest outside the 1984 Republican National Convention in Dallas, when Gregory Lee Johnson participated in a flag-burning protest in front of City Hall. Johnson, a member of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade, was convicted under a Texas statute that classifies the U.S. flag as a "venerated object that permits criminal prosecution of those who desecrate it." He was sentenced to a year in jail and fined $2,000. To its credit, the Texas Criminal Appeals Court reversed the decision on constitutional grounds, and most of us thought that was the end of it.

But the District Attorney for Dallas County, John Vance, then asked the U.S. Supreme Court to reinstate the conviction and to "squarely address" what the prosecutor considers to be the central issue—the state's right to protect the stars and stripes as a symbol of national unity and to jail those who dare to "desecrate" it "by sending it up in smoke." The Texas application to the Court said that the flag "stands not only for the principles for which our country stands but also represents the actions that our nation has taken throughout its history in the service of freedom."

Last October, when George Bush was wrapping himself in the American flag during his campaign for the presidency, four Justices agreed that the Court should hear the case. Rehnquist probably now has with him not only Justices Anthony Kennedy, Antonin Scalia and Sandra Day O'Connor—all Reagan appointees—but also Justices John Paul Stevens and Byron White. If the Court fails to interpret the First Amendment broadly, it will probably render a 6-3 decision against Johnson that will stand as a precedent for many years.

The prosecution of political protesters should have no place in America. Such cases were relentlessly litigated during the Vietnam War period, and convictions were readily reversed on appeal, based on established precedents. The Supreme Court overturned any such convictions that reached it. During the tenures of Chief Justices Earl Warren and Warren Burger, the majority of their colleagues who wrote on First Amendment values accepted the idea that conduct such as burning a flag is a form of symbolic speech. Displaying a Soviet flag, taping a peace symbol on an American flag and wearing a swastika have all been classified by the Court as protected by the First Amendment.

In 1974, for example, the Court reversed the conviction of a state of Washington man who attached a peace symbol onto an American flag to protest the bombing of Cambodia and the killing of students at Kent State University. In a 1969 decision, *Street v. New York*, the Court examined the state law that made it a crime either to mutilate or to "cast contempt on the flag by words." In its ruling, the Court overturned the conviction of a man who had burned a flag to protest the 1966 attempted shooting of James Meredith, the civil rights leader, by a sniper in Mississippi. "If they let that happen to Meredith, we don't need an American flag," the man declared as he torched the flag on a Brooklyn street corner. In its 5-4 decision, the Court did not definitively say whether the state can make flag burning a crime. Several

DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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Justices felt it could not, but because the case was decided on other grounds, the Court did not reach the symbolic-speech issue.

Throughout the world, the burning of flags has always been regarded as one of the most dramatic forms of anti-state expression. But such actions are not always condemned. Most Americans are offended when the South African police arrest blacks who burn their country's flag, and they would be outraged if Soviet dissidents were prosecuted for defacing the hammer and sickle. Conversely, most of the public uncritically accepts the use of the flag as a symbol to show *support* for government policy. When Oliver North symbolically draped the national colors around himself and the *contras* to get across a political message, it was seen by millions as perfectly proper.

An unusual amicus curiae brief was filed in the pending Texas case by Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and sixteen other artists, some of whom have used flags in their work. They told the Court that they "share an intense concern that a government not be permitted to bar or impose criminal penalties for expression through use of the flag or its image." (Their concern is not misplaced: At the end of February, picketing veterans' groups shut down The School of the Art Institute of Chicago for several days because they objected to the use of the flag in a display of student art.) The artists pointed out that allowing prosecution on the ground that flag desecration is offensive is problematic because "what is [offensive] to one man may be a work of art to another." William Kunstler and David Cole, lawyers for the Center for Constitutional Rights, which represents Johnson, point out in their brief that the American flag was painted on the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

A court in Georgia that upheld a conviction for flag burning in 1983 ruled:

> Symbols are useful because they make tangible and concrete that which is intangible or otherwise incapable of meaningful observation. The amalgam of institutions, people and ideas, both past and present, which make up our nation certainly cannot be "observed." . . . Thus the flag facilitates a citizen's identification with his country. In that respect, it is a unifying factor which is useful in rallying the people's support for their country in time of peace and war.

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The Supreme Court could, of course, decide in Johnson's favor by ruling on the narrow ground that the Texas statute is imperfect. But I fear that the Court will instead rely on the reasoning of the Georgia decision and affirm Johnson's conviction in a 6-3 vote that will seriously impair the right of free speech in this country. □

SCOUTING THE CARIBBEAN

Japan Turns the Double Play

GEORGE BLACK

San Pedro de Macorís, Dominican Republic

As spring training began in Florida and Arizona, the baseball season was already finished here. San Pedro de Macorís, at the mouth of the Iguamo River and an hour's drive to the east of Santo Domingo, is a sweltering sugar port of 100,000 souls, and most of them are baseball fanatics. Dozens of skinny kids play stickball in the rutted alleyways between the shacks huddled under the walls of the Tetelo Vargas Stadium like hovels around a medieval cathedral. (Vargas was a legendary local ballplayer who led the Dominican league in hitting at the age of 50.) The players wear improvised gloves and wield bats fashioned from a stick of sugar cane or the limb of a guava tree.

Foreigners often come to gawk. Most of the main U.S. sporting publications have sent reporters to check out San Pedro, the hometown of many of the best known of the dozens of Dominicans who have made their fortunes in the major leagues—Pedro Guerrero, the St. Louis Cardinals' power-hitting infielder; George Bell, the Toronto Blue Jays' home run star; Joaquín Andújar, the temperamental pitcher who closed out his career last year with the Houston Astros. And for years the majority of North American major league clubs have maintained winter scouting camps here.

But now there is competition from a new quarter, and it's the talk of the town. The great spreading wave of Japanese capital that is visible in Manhattan real estate purchases, Tennessee automobile plants and electronics assembly shops along the U.S.-Mexico border has now arrived in San Pedro de Macorís, in search of baseball talent. Hajime Matsuda, the ambitious owner of the Hiroshima Carp, third-place finishers last season in Japan's Central League, came to town last November, accompanied by his team's trainer, Takashi Tanaka, and announced plans to open a $1.8 million baseball academy on the outskirts of San Pedro. Rumor has it that Matsuda also tried unsuccessfully to persuade two of the town's businessmen, the Antún brothers, Eddy and Manuel, to sell him a share in the local professional team they own, the Estrellas del Oriente.

The arrival of Matsuda and Tanaka sent Dominican sports reporters into a frenzy. One of them wrote, "Forty years after it received the fateful attack with the atomic bomb, the

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Japanese city of Hiroshima is to be the target of another transcendental bombardment from the Americas. Only this time there will be no radioactive consequences, and the Pentagon will not have to worry afterwards about international criticism. The bombs this time will come from a small town thousands and thousands of miles distant from North America [*sic*]." The newsman asked Matsuda what exactly had drawn him to the aspiring young players of San Pedro. The answer was simple: their fielding skills, their speed, their powerful arms, the way they turn the double play. In a word, shortstops.

On one famous day in 1986, no fewer than nine Dominicans started at short in the U.S. majors. In San Pedro today, players like Toronto's prodigiously gifted Tony Fernández, the New York Yankees' Rafael Santana and the Texas Rangers' Julio Franco are regarded as demigods; local kids, for a few pennies, will take visitors on a homes-of-the-stars tour. If the ballplayers live in luxury now, most grew up in the poverty of a sugar shack, and the names of some of San Pedro's other shortstops—Andrés Thomas of the Atlanta Braves, Alfredo Griffin and Mariano Duncan of the Los Angeles Dodgers—speak to the origins of those who did the heavy work in the cane fields, migrant laborers from the English-speaking islands of the Caribbean.

The sugar industry is in decline now, all but ruined by low world market prices, cheap artificial substitutes and U.S. import quota reductions. Those who might once have found jobs as *macheteros* more often find their labor in demand today in low-wage assembly shops. Quality footwear, aimed at the U.S. market, is the big thing. This place could be another Taiwan, a couple of New Jersey shoe manufacturers, in Santo Domingo for a recent convention, told the local press.

Two, three, many Taiwans; references to Asia crop up a lot here these days, and not only in baseball circles. Many of the new garment plants in the Caribbean are owned by manufacturers from East Asia's "Four Tigers": Taiwan, South Korea, Singapore and Hong Kong. There is a great irony here, and an object lesson in how mobile capital operates. The Reagan Administration's Caribbean Basin Initiative, which became operational in 1984, removed U.S. import duties from most regional products, with the aim of boosting local exports and encouraging new U.S. investments. But in practice the C.B.I. has benefited aggressive competitors from the Pacific Rim more than U.S. manufacturers.

No sooner was the C.B.I. announced than Caribbean trade delegations began to board planes for Tokyo, Seoul and Taipei, bearing offers of bountiful, cheap, nonunionized labor. Caribbean–Central American Action, a business lobby set up to promote investment opportunities under the C.B.I., opened a Japan program that was soon expanded to become an Asia program. The C.B.I. was a godsend to the Four Tigers, who face rising production costs at home and are under pressure to reinvest their ballooning foreign currency reserves. The C.B.I. gave them entree to a region with low production costs, allowed them to evade the quota restrictions that were suffocating them at home and offered them a trampoline on the very doorstep of the U.S. market, in places like San Pedro de Macorís.

The baseball season ended early here this year. As the final series of the Dominican winter league got under way, spirits among Macorís fans were flat, though with that resigned quality that comes from long habituation to defeat. The team that Matsuda had his eye on, the Estrellas del Oriente, finished last in the round-robin playoffs. A teenager, straddling the outfield wall at the Tetelo Vargas Stadium, drew a finger across his throat and made a face. Twenty-two straight years without a championship, he said, for the team from the most famous baseball town in the world. The galling irony, like the precision of the statistic, came readily to his mind.

Instead, the championship contenders were the Tigers of Licey and the Lions of Escogido, who share occupancy of Santo Domingo's Quisqueya Stadium. This makes it rather like a Subway Series, although the setting is hardly Yankee or Shea Stadium. The field is damp and a little lumpy after a rain-out the previous night. The crowd numbers about

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15,000; black-market tickets for the sixth row behind home plate cost $4. The notion that there is some empirical link between liquor sales and unruly fans doesn't hold up here: Although a lot of men are putting away a solid fifth of Brugal or Barceló rum, there's not a whisper of violence in the air. Kids sprint onto the field between innings and circle the bases waving the red and blue flags of the two teams. An overweight fan runs out and flops onto home plate; he has a freakishly elastic mouth into which he proceeds to cram two baseballs. Legend has it that he can stuff an entire bottle of Presidente, the hoppy local beer, into his mouth sideways.

It's game three, and the pitcher for Licey is Pascual Pérez, the wild man of the Montreal Expos, who once failed to start a game in Atlanta after he lost his way on the freeway, and who was back in a drug-rehabilitation clinic by the time spring training for the U.S. season began. To the crowd's delight, he puts on a virtuoso display, testing the radar gun with one screaming fastball after another and scaring over-eager base runners back to first by glaring at them from the mound—upside-down between his legs.

Pérez is the night's biggest star; while the great local ball-players of the past, like Juan Marichal or the Alou brothers—Felipe, Matty and Jesús—would routinely play winter ball, it's hard for today's professional teams to attract top-notch players from the *grandes ligas*, who tend to fear injury, shun overexertion and see little financial incentive for year-round play. But there is still a smattering of major-leaguers on show, a few who came up once for a cup of coffee and a solid roster of younger prospects and Triple-A players.

In the sixth inning of a close game, the Lions allow the Tigers to come back and tie it at 2-2. But after the rum sellers have moved on and the live merengue band has sat down for the ninth, a diminutive second baseman named Nelson Liriano comes to the plate for Escogido with two men aboard to face a nervous Anglo reliever, and promptly smacks a rising line drive over the low right field fence. The crowd chortles about the improbability of this feat, which seems to be on the order of Wally Backman hitting a game-winning three-run homer when he was a Met. Licey goes down tamely in the bottom of the inning, and Escogido is three up in the series. Next day, they wrap it up with a 4-3 win, and are off to Mazatlán in Mexico to try for glory in the Caribbean Winter Series with teams from Puerto Rico, Mexico and Venezuela.

Back here in San Pedro de Macorís, a mile or so down the road from the Tetelo Vargas Stadium, past the great Porvenir sugar mill—once the property of the mad dictator Trujillo—the concrete shell of another new Taiwanese-owned industrial free zone is rapidly taking shape. (*La zona franca de los chinos*, local people call it, to distinguish it from another, older free zone nearby.) Baseball and the six-figure salaries of the major leagues may be the dream escape, but the Taiwanese assembly shops, with their $6-a-day wages, are the more mundane reality, which at least provides an alternative to the backbreaking labor of the cane fields and what is politely called "the informal sector" of the economy.

The baseball dream dies hard, though, and Matsuda's

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D911

Hiroshima Carp offer a new avenue of escape, or at least a new illusion. Geraldo Lebrón, a teen-age prospect for the Baltimore Orioles, here for training camp, says he would play in Japan as happily as in the United States. But as a catcher, he is perplexed by the prospect of working with Japanese pitching coaches, because, from what he has heard, they teach a whole different *movimiento*. Which is the Caribbean story in a nutshell: to accommodate the dreams of independence to the successive overlays of one external influence after another, from the Spanish to the British, the French, the North Americans and now the expanding powers of East Asia. As Franco, Fernández and Santana strut their stuff in Florida, it might seem that Dominican shortstops will always be there when spring training comes around. But in these days of footloose, hungry capital, nothing, not even the national pastime, is sacred. □

Middle East

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

ternal rivals and with internal opposition forces. The goals are to be interstate compromises on territory and armament levels and, within states, "national reconciliation."

An equally important part of the new thinking is the emphasis placed by Soviet officials upon improving relations with "all countries, large and small." In practice, this means not so much getting away from the priorities of the pre-1985 period—that is, relations with the United States, China and Western Europe—as working to strengthen links with other states that had been ignored or consistently antagonized previously, above all by former Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. In the Middle East this includes Egypt and Saudi Arabia and, of course, Israel. The Soviet willingness to talk with all of these countries, even where diplomatic relations do not exist, has already borne considerable fruit.

Like U.S. policy, Soviet policy toward the Middle East reflects domestic considerations. Factionalism has always been evident. With the emergence of strong and often anti-Semitic Russian nationalist currents, there is open opposition to re-establishing diplomatic relations with Israel. At the same time, both for internal reasons and in order to improve relations with Washington, Gorbachev has sought to remove the issues of Jewish opposition and emigration. He is also, as part of his anticorruption drive, particularly keen to reform the predominantly Moslem republics where "stagnation" took special and deep-rooted forms. The party shake-ups in Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan and Azerbaijan, and in the last the dangers posed by anti-Armenian chauvinism as well, allegedly under the influence of Khomeini's Iran next door, have brought about a clash between *perestroika* and the Islamic republics of the Soviet Union.

In the first three years of Gorbachev's rule, foreign and

Fred Halliday is professor of international relations at the London School of Economics. His book, Cold War, Third World: An Essay on Soviet-American Relations, *will be published by Pantheon in September.*

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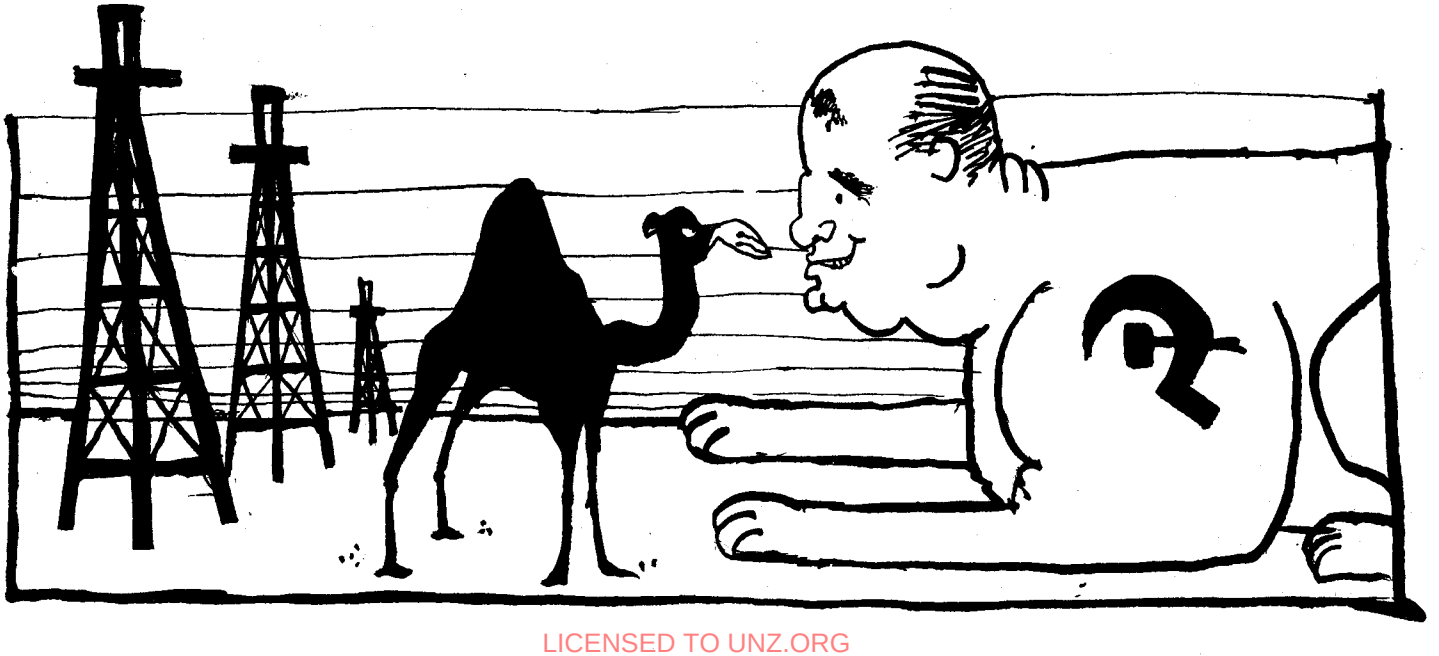
defense policies were still largely exempt from public discussion and critique. But the tone of businesslike criticism that has prevailed in internal Soviet debates is now increasingly applied to relations with foreign allies, especially those of the socialist bloc. Gorbachev has attacked "sugar-coated" speeches and reports in interparty and intersocialist relations, and one of the hallmarks of 1988 was the emergence of "international *glasnost*"—criticism in the Soviet media of foreign policy during the "stagnation" period under Leonid Brezhnev and criticism of Third World socialist states. The Soviet press has written critically of recent events in the "socialist-oriented" state of Burma, and of the illusions of other Third World allies said to be besotted with ultraleft slogans and too prone to militaristic solutions. This could refer, above all, to Arab allies such as Iraq, Syria, Libya and South Yemen, who must now be distinctly uncomfortable about how things are going in the Soviet Union. If Fidel Castro has been most open in articulating a Third World revolutionary critique of the new thinking, his words have certainly found an echo in Damascus, Tripoli and Aden.

The most obvious impact of the new thinking on the Middle East is in the Arab-Israeli dispute. Despite Shevardnadze's meeting in Egypt with Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Arens, Soviet dealings with Israel still fall short of re-establishing diplomatic relations, broken by Moscow in 1967; the Soviet Union has said that these will be restored only when Israel participates in an international peace conference and agrees to talk with the Palestine Liberation Organization. But nonetheless there have been several substantial shifts in Soviet-Israeli relations. Consular delegations from each country, on extendable three-month visas, are now resident in Tel Aviv and Moscow and have recently been authorized to engage in political, as opposed to merely consular, discussions. The Soviet Union has massively increased the rate of Jewish emigration, with an eye to removing the obstacle of the Jackson-Vanik amendment, which has restricted U.S.-Soviet trade relations since 1974. Roughly 20,000 Soviet Jews left in 1988; an estimated 20,000 to 30,000 will leave in 1989. (Given the figure Israel cites of 80,000 wishing to leave, emigration should no longer be an issue between the two states.) In addition, up to 12,000 Soviet Jews visited Israel last year as tourists, many flying via Damascus and Larnaca, Cyprus, and another 6,000 visited the United States; according to Israeli sources, all "prisoners of Zion" have been released from Soviet jails. A direct diplomatic channel has also been established between Soviet and Israeli Foreign Ministry officials—independent of the consular missions. Israeli government members routinely call their Soviet opposite numbers on the phone. And an Israeli rescue team, including Jewish émigrés, took part in the earthquake relief work in Soviet Armenia last December.

Substantial disagreements of course remain. Israel refuses to accept an international conference or negotiate with the Palestinians, preferring instead bilateral talks, arranged by the superpowers, between Israel and the Arab states. The Soviet Union has shifted somewhat, accepting that a Palestinian delegation may, with Palestinian consent, form part of a wider Arab delegation, and agreeing that after an initial plenary convention negotiations may take place bilaterally. But Moscow still insists on a solution being negotiated in the form of a gathering that can take binding decisions, remembering that it was excluded from the 1974 talks in Geneva.

The changing Soviet attitude on Israel reflects several considerations. At the broadest level there is an evident desire to work toward a reduction and possible resolution of a major regional issue that has bedeviled U.S.-Soviet relations since the 1973 war. But there are at least two other elements at work. One is that China is now an actor in the Arab-Israeli dispute, having forged covert but wide-ranging military links to Israel, as it has with Iran—buying from the former and selling to the latter. This competition from Beijing is something the Soviet Union cannot view with indifference. The other factor is that Israel may soon possess the capacity to hit the southern cities of the Soviet Union with nuclear weapons, using its Jericho II missiles, which have a range of 900 miles. The prospect of another Arab-Israeli dispute, which could lead to the use of nuclear weapons in the Middle East and beyond, must alarm Moscow greatly.



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"The Middle East is a museum of perished civilizations," Shevardnadze said in Cairo. "The region is threatened by an arms race which sooner or later could turn into a nuclear confrontation."

This shift in Soviet-Israeli relations has been accompanied by a number of changes in Moscow's ties with Arab countries. Gorbachev has worked to improve relations with Egypt, formerly the Soviet Union's main ally in the Arab world, and has rescheduled Egypt's military debt. For all its ties to Washington, Cairo realizes that the Camp David process has stalled, and it shares Moscow's view on the need for an international conference to resolve the Arab-Israeli dispute. Moscow is also engaged in an active dialogue with Saudi Arabia over Afghanistan and regional issues as a whole. Technically, diplomatic relations between these two countries have not been broken—it is "merely" that no ambassadors have been mutually posted since the 1930s.

But the two central relationships in the Soviet Union's Arab policy are those with the P.L.O. and Syria. In line with the 1947 U.N. vote, Moscow has consistently argued for a two-state solution to the Arab-Israeli dispute. Until recently, however, its appeals to the P.L.O. to acknowledge this as the only realistic or just end have fallen on deaf ears. The demagogic self-delusion of Arab "rejectionism" has prevailed. Over the past two years, however, Soviet influence with the Palestinians has produced two major developments. First, in April 1987, Soviet diplomacy, supported by that of some Arab states, re-established a degree of unity in the P.L.O. under Yasir Arafat's leadership, after years of intense factionalism encouraged by Syria, Iraq and Libya. Then, this April, Gorbachev publicly urged Arafat to recognize Israel; in November the P.L.O. unequivocally accepted the right of Israel to exist and declared its willingness to negotiate. Whatever the role of other mediators, such as Sweden, in pressing the P.L.O. to take this step, it was the Soviet influence that was most crucial.

The second pivotal relationship is with Syria, a key player in the Arab-Israeli dispute. The regime of Hafez al-Assad has received more Soviet weapons over the past two decades than Vietnam has. After the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon, Moscow warned Israel and the United States not to try an all-out attack on Syria; to back up this message, it provided Soviet missiles and, for some time, Soviet crews to reinforce Syrian defenses. Most recently, the Syrians received a squadron of MIG-29 planes last year. But Moscow has also stated that it does not accept Syrian demands for "parity" with Israel, viewing that as a recipe for an unending escalation of the Middle East arms race. Moscow has also showed that it disapproves of Syrian support for Palestinian factions that use terrorism, and for those, such as the Abu Musa and Saiqa groups, who oppose Arafat's new conciliatory line.

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Moscow's dilemma here mirrors differences within the Arab world itself. The Soviet Union has tried in vain to reconcile Syria and Iraq, and Libya and Egypt. It has also sought to balance support for the Palestinian *intifada* with a warning that the time for stones and rifles must give way to diplomacy. In the belief that it must maintain good relations with Iraq, a longstanding ally, it has refrained from open criticism of the crimes committed against the Kurds, despite many appeals from Iraqi Kurds and representatives of the estimated 100,000 Kurds within the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union also has special problems with Iran, where the Islamic regime is now entering its second decade. In Moscow's eyes, it is the intransigence of the mullahs that has enabled the United States to gain such a prominent military position in the Persian Gulf. Iran has also added to Moscow's headaches in Afghanistan, supporting its own Shiite guerrillas and denouncing the Geneva accords. Teheran radio continues to call for revolt among Soviet Moslems, and the Soviet media claim that some of the anti-Armenian rioters in Azerbaijan carried portraits of Khomeini. Yet in the Persian Gulf conflict, as in the Arab-Israeli one, the Soviet Union has made substantial progress in the past year.

The Iranian leadership wants three things from the Soviet Union: pressure on Iraq to give ground in the cease-fire negotiations; state-to-state economic agreements to assist Iran's postwar reconstruction; and a degree of Soviet support for an Iranian role in Afghanistan. Both Moscow and Teheran want to prevent the establishment of a regime in Kabul headed by those forces that were backed by the West, forces Khomeini derisively refers to as practicing "American Islam." Pro-Iranian guerrillas from the Shiite Hazara minority already have armed insurrectionary units positioned inside the Afghan capital, and might try to preempt a bid for power by the Western-backed guerrillas now in the mountains. The potential for further Iranian-Soviet cooperation was demonstrated by Khomeini's unprecedented January message to Gorbachev, in which he commended the Soviet leader for spiritual renewal in the Soviet Union and urged him to go further by embracing Islam.

The significance of these advances in Soviet policy in the Middle East must be offset, however, by the enormous amount that remains to be done. At one level, Moscow appeals in the name of reasonable compromise and "internationalist" collaboration between Third World peoples for an end to nationalist intransigence. But this, one of the most commendable aspects of "old thinking," has found too few adherents in the Middle East and, as events in the Baltic republics and Azerbaijan have illustrated, has shown its limits even within the Soviet Union. At another level, success in the Middle East depends on the U.S. reaction. It takes two to engage in new thinking, and in places ranging from Kabul to Managua, including the Middle East, it is an open question whether Washington is yet willing to develop serious new policies of its own. That in turn will be influenced by the Israelis, who show little sign as yet of moving on the core issues—talking to the P.L.O. and accepting the principle of a separate Palestinian state. □

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EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 362*)
of New York. Formal accreditation, however, still awaits our ability to raise a first-year budget of $50,000. Thus far we have been unable to obtain the needed funds from foundations. And the financial slack has not been taken up by the gay community itself—which *does* reflect, just as Rist claims, the near single-minded focus these days on fighting the scourge of AIDS.

Why is this so? I am not—on several grounds—content with Rist's answer. It is not "fashionable hysteria," as Rist would have it, but necessity that has led the gay community to focus on AIDS. If the straight world had shown more than a modicum of concern about those suffering from the disease, then gay people might never have felt thrown back so entirely on their own resources—which they have marshalled with extraordinary heroism. Even if the prevalence of HIV infection turns out to be lower than is sometimes claimed and the incidence of fatality among those infected less than 100 percent (which seems increasingly likely), the crisis was and remains profound; in explaining the alarm within the gay community, no recourse is needed to Rist's suspect theory that our "keening" reflects a "compulsive . . . need to partake in the drama of catastrophe." The catastrophe is real and the legions of the young in ACT UP who have stationed themselves on the front lines deserve something better than being characterized as "clones" and "chic street protesters."

When Rist further denounces them as "immoral because they are panic-mongering," I find myself angrily at odds with him. How can he call young men fighting for their lives "immoral" when he does not even pause to denounce a Federal government whose indifference made such a fight mandatory? This, I submit, is blaming the victim—and excusing the oppressor—with a vengeance. This, I further submit, is yet another instance of the internecine name-calling long characteristic of the organized gay movement—so inappropriate while our persecutors go unaccountable, so redolent of an internalized homophobia among our own people.

Like Rist, I am appalled that the needs of gay and lesbian adolescents go largely untended, that the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project is underfunded—and yes, that my own hope for establishing a gay and lesbian research center has thus far been stymied. But unlike Rist, I cannot ascribe this to the "callousness" of the gay community. Nor can I see that its current lack of interest in demanding a repeal of laws against same-sex marriage is anything but a proper allocation of priorities. (Radical gays, among whom both Rist and I count ourselves, might eventually want, I had thought, to insist upon the right of marriage—to insist on *any* rights that everybody else has—but would hardly want to recommend or proselytize for the imitative practice.)

Nor can I share Rist's analysis that AIDS is "yet a new excuse to desert the business of living." He is surely right to be concerned, as I am, that we have yet to build enough strong, life-affirming gay institutions. But gay involvement in the AIDS crisis is such a transparent necessity, given the indifference of the straight world, that it cannot fairly be viewed as an "excuse" of any kind. Moreover, we need to acknowledge—and it should be a matter of pity rather than scorn—that even before AIDS appeared we lacked those needed institutional arrangements; I mean pity for the large majority of gay people who lived on a daily basis with far too much terror to declare and mobilize themselves in their own behalf.

The paradox, unmentioned by Rist, is that *as a result* of the successful mobilization of our own people in the fight against AIDS, so many have for the first time discovered their anger at heterosexist oppression that we may emerge from this crisis with the needed legions—at last—to militantly insist on an end to our oppression.

Rist is surely right that until now our own low self-esteem has contributed to our lack of self-assertion. What he now needs to affirm is that our community's noble—yes, that is the word—mobilization in the AIDS crisis will come to be seen as the turning point in that struggle for self-esteem. Out of this terrible trial, paradoxically, may well come that very commitment to asserting the value of gay lives and gay life for which Rist so eloquently yearns. That, at least, is the hope; there are no guarantees.

Martin Bauml Duberman is distinguished professor of history at Lehman College, City University of New York, and the author of Paul Robeson: A Biography *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

JEFFREY ESCOFFIER

If we take the Dickens quote at the head of his article on the AIDS "obsession" literally, Darrell Yates Rist seems to be saying that the gay community has "a terrible passing inclination to die of it." But then he goes on to claim, rather hysterically, that we devote too much time and too many resources to fighting AIDS. Rist dismisses not only the daily experience of death and grief that informs our political priorities but also the historical paradox of the AIDS crisis.

Not only has the AIDS epidemic mobilized more gay men than any other issue in the history of the gay movement, but it has led to a greatly increased appreciation of gay rights. It has challenged the community to develop new kinds of institutions and more complex emotional bonds, and it has created the conditions under which lesbians and gay men are able to work together after a decade of divergent paths. The community's mobilization against AIDS has also led to the development of a new visibility in national and local public life—in the media and with government at all levels.

A certain kind of amnesia seems to govern Rist's argument. AIDS became a political priority not only because it is a serious, highly fatal disease that devastates our community but also because it was identified as "gay" and was seen by fundamentalists as a punishment for homosexual acts. Because of AIDS, gays became to physicians a risk group and to many heterosexual Americans a source of contagion. AIDS politics, which encompasses a host of different issues (discrimination, health insurance, treatment, drug testing, etc.), initially was more often preoccupied with gay rights than with many of the medical-political issues. It is a major historical irony that in a time of increased homophobia and internal devastation the lesbian and gay community has found a new sense of solidarity and political vitality. There is a vast outpouring of political energy on the grass-roots level as well as a fresh burst of institutional growth in the community.

Rist calls on the gay community to reject the "panic-mongering" of AIDS activists and turn ourselves to dealing with other issues—the problems of gay youth, gay-bashing violence and what he sees as the more central issue of gay rights. There are numerous social and political consequences that stem from our preoccupation with the AIDS crisis. Important lesbian health issues are obscured. And whether gay men would respond to those issues as energetically as lesbians have to AIDS is a legitimate question, but there's no way of knowing the answer. Violence is an issue also, but one tied very much to AIDS.

Of course, the gay community must deal with issues other than AIDS. If that's all Rist was saying, he would be stating the obvious. Probably most lesbians and gay men would agree with him then. Rather, I believe, Rist is expressing some kind of deeper *ressentiment*, from an emotional exhaustion that reflects our constant exposure to the suffering that goes on around us. We all have a "terrible passing inclination" to walk away from AIDS. But we must resist that inclination.

Jeffrey Escoffier is an editor of OUT/LOOK, *a national lesbian and gay quarterly published in San Francisco.*

ACT UP

In this short space it is impossible to expose all of Darrell Yates Rist's ugly misrepresentations of the AIDS activist movement, especially regarding ACT UP. Certainly to indulge in the sort of divisiveness he does would only extend the insult done to us and the lesbian and gay community by printing

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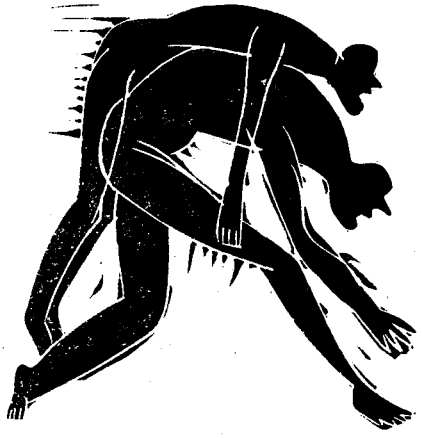
his article in the first place. However, some clarification is in order.

ACT UP, the New York City–based AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power, was formed two years ago almost exclusively by gay white men as a direct-action group confronting the issues of discrimination against people with HIV infection and restricted access to experimental AIDS drugs. Since then, the growing involvement of women (predominantly lesbians) and people of color has caused ACT UP to expand our approach to the politics of health care and disfranchisement. The inequities endemic in the AIDS crisis have made clear to gay white men in the group that their marginality is akin to that of women, people of color, the poor and intravenous drug users, communities long aware of the life-threatening consequences of being ignored. The ensuing mix of concerns, as well as the changing demographics of the crisis, provoke constant consciousness-raising at ACT UP's Monday night meetings, pushing us to address the major issues of our day: racism, sexism, disablism, homophobia, economic disfranchisement, homelessness and unequal access to decent health care, among other issues.

We are, many of us, a new generation of political people coming out and being politicized around the AIDS crisis. We do not function hierarchically, but in an occasionally unwieldy, radically democratic forum of 200 to 400 activists packed, standing-room only, into the Lesbian and Gay Community Center, voting on just about everything. Anyone can speak, in turn. After attending two meetings anyone can vote. All are welcome. Like the gay and lesbian liberation groups of the early 1970s, our goal lies both in the ends we seek and in the kind of movement we build in seeking them.

Unquestionably, lesbian and gay issues are a part of that goal—for most of us, a profoundly determining part. ACT UP has refused on two occasions to endorse or support AIDS demonstrations that did not also explicitly support the rights of gays and lesbians. Last August, ACT UP joined the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation at their 103rd Street rally against anti-gay violence. In fact, it was three ACT UP members who first sat down in the intersection of 100th Street and Broadway during the subsequent march, and ACT UP civil disobedience expertise that organized legal support and coordinated the safe release of the 100 arrested that night. Further, after a recent Monday night meeting, 230 of us staged a same-sex kiss-in (our favorite form of legal public disruption) at St. Vincent's Hospital in protest of two reported incidents of anti-gay and -lesbian violence by hospital personnel. ACT UP sent a major contingent to the October 1987 civil disobedience protesting the Supreme Court's decision to uphold the Georgia sodomy law.

And for some of us the most moving, empowering and joyful demo was in support of Sharon Kowalski, a lesbian severely disabled in a car accident, who has been isolated by her parents, with a court order, from her lover, Karen Thompson. Organized by our Women's Caucus as a "zap," on August 5 of last year twenty-five same-sex couples, male and female, descended on the New York City Marriage License Bureau. When the first two lesbians were told same-sex couples were not allowed to marry in New York state, one of them protested "but I *love* her, I want to *marry* her," whereupon the group sat down and demanded an explanation from the person in charge. Singing, "We're goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married," they were joined by many of the straight couples applying for licenses. The significant number of gay men at the "zap" and the subsequent rally is a measure of the deepening solidarity among lesbians and gay men in ACT UP. It was clear to all of us that Karen Thompson's plight is identical to that of same-sex partners denied access to their lovers with AIDS.



DRAWINGS BY RANDALL ENOS

Today, we all live with AIDS. Each time a gay man puts on a rubber or a lesbian uses a rubber dam we live with AIDS. (There are at least three documented cases of woman-to-woman transmission and various cases of "uncertain transmission.") AIDS is more than a temporary interruption in the cultural flow of the gay and lesbian community. We in ACT UP see this not as an obsession with death, as Rist does in his revamping of an old homosexuality-as-sickness metaphor, but as a determination to celebrate life, health and self-empowerment. We fight AIDS because we have seen our various marginalities made perniciously manifest by it. As an ACT UP member on trial in February for committing an act of civil disobedience last summer to protest the irresponsible slashing of New York City's estimates of HIV-infected gay and bisexual men testified: "Gay people growing up in this society are made to internalize a system of repression that would render them invisible. Those of us in ACT UP who are gay are acutely aware that this invisibility and its companion, silence, have conspired in the deaths of many of our friends and lovers. We are fighting AIDS in an attempt to save lives, because truly, silence equals death." ACT UP! FIGHT BACK! FIGHT AIDS!

In slightly longer form, this statement was approved without dissension by 300 people at ACT UP's February 13 meeting.

JEWELLE L. GOMEZ

I'm writing to say thanks for publishing Darrell Yates Rist's article. I hope his call for recognition of how racism and sexism have hampered the movement for gay rights, and for a reassessment of how AIDS politics can grow into gay politics, are taken seriously. While I continue to (and will always) participate in benefits for AIDS-related organizations, I have always had the inner sadness of knowing that most of the white men I work in coalition with have not felt the need to participate in movements directed toward saving women's lives. Nor have they been willing to acknowledge and challenge their own racism. I've been in enough meetings with gay white men and heard them slide over the importance of gender or ethnic parity as if I were invisible to know that this is more the rule than the exception.

I don't think any lesbian wants to dismiss the devastation of the AIDS crisis or the unstinting diligence of those working in AIDS organizations. But many of us have resented gay men's continued lack of sensitivity to women's life-and-death issues and their failure to see the connections between our oppressions. The siege mentality of these times has not allowed for any real political analysis of the white gay male community or the possibilities the future holds for lesbians and gay men.

Lesbian feminists have been accustomed to connecting the many issues of oppression that affect lesbians, people of color, the differently abled, immigrants and the poor, as well as concerns about the environment and militarism. To repeat a tried and true statement: No one of us can be free until we are all free. When that axiom becomes one of the guiding principles of our movement we can look forward to a solidarity that no cardinal, no presidential commission, no religious conservative, no narrow-minded judge, no gay-basher, no rapist, no one can defeat.

Jewelle L. Gomez, a writer and activist, is a former board member of the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation.

ROSEMARY KUROPAT

Darrell Yates Rist demonstrates how powerful an oppressed person can be when he wields the instruments of his liberation. Rist's determination to be openly gay and determinedly alive is as enfranchising as any people determining their own future course through a trip to the ballot box. The ability to vote is meaningless unless the vote is cast;

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indeed, society's quiet acquiescence to the right of gay people to breath air is equally meaningless if the breaths must be those of the dying. That having been said, I think Rist is mistaken when he attributes a lack of concern for all things gay-political to AIDS obsession. Indeed, the gay movement has rarely been concerned with issues larger than the right (and the means and venues) of gay men to engage in the sex act. An exclusionary AIDS politics simply continues this sex-centricity; never in the twenty years since Stonewall has any force so completely intruded upon that right as has HIV.

As a lesbian, I am one of the majority of gay people unlikely ever to contract AIDS. Though I consider it my moral obligation to care for the gay men who have come to form my gay family should they become ill, I nonetheless believe that the gay movement ought to concern itself with my issues, too, if it expects to spend my money (as I assume it does, judging from the river of direct mail that flows to my door). At the same time, I can't (though I would like to) point the long finger of blame at men who haven't taken up my causes, since so few lesbians have been willing to declare themselves active members of the movement. I am often saddened that my sorority so seldom wields the instruments of our liberation in our own behalf, as Rist so well does. Nowhere is this more evident than in the AIDS movement. Lesbians have streamed into the political arena to fight for our brothers' rights to be free from fear of quarantine, to continue to have sex, to retain all the civil liberties explicit or implicit in the halcyon days of 1970s sexual liberation. To my mind comes no parallel activity in which lesbians have been involved in the political arena on our own behalf. We have been uniquely unwilling to lift up the instruments of our own liberation and to declare ourselves valid.

The question always follows: What is a lesbian political issue? Interestingly, the issues that are uniquely lesbian tend to be feminist issues in the sharpest relief. Without the traditional economic association with men, lesbians as a group are far more likely to live below the poverty line. This despite a growing urban belief (where gay politics first brewed) that freedom from the burden of child-rearing represents access to economic opportunity. Those lesbians who are mothers (one out of three) are far more likely to lose their children in custody disputes. Lesbians suffer the lowest rate of sexually transmitted diseases and are thus something of a nonissue for the medical establishment. As a result, little attention has been paid to the unique medical needs of lesbians, which can in fact include treatment for certain sexually transmitted bacteria and a higher incidence of gynecological complications that arise from not having children. And what about the extraordinarily high rate of breast cancer, which kills upward of 40,000 women a year, including perhaps 4,000 lesbians?

None of these concerns address the very real issue of lesbian invisibility, which inflicts a number of pains. First, it robs us of our collective voice. Second, it makes the costs of being "out" far greater because the incidence of lesbianism is perceived to be far lower as a result of the invisibility factor. Lesbians who choose to be "out" or who are "out" by dint of particularly butch affects bear the burden of millions of lesbians who either choose to be in the closet or cannot leave it because of their husbands, parents, children, jobs or neighbors.

Gay men have benefited from a stereotype that ascribes to them a fascinating array of cultural and artistic characteristics that find expression in theater, the visual arts and the fashion world, industries so accepting of homosexuality that it seems at times an asset rather than a liability to be gay. But because lesbians have been so reticent in the declaration of their valid selves, there is no such venue for lesbians. As a result, there are no

models, even stereotyped, even burdensome, in which lesbianism is tolerated as an eccentric side effect of a larger and more "beneficial" talent. How can we be so cavalier about generations of lesbians who have no role models in which to find inspiration and no elders in whom to find comfort?

Women will never emerge from second-class citizenship until we believe we are equals, with equal rights to the advocacy of our community and the respect of society. The high degree of interaction between lesbians and gay men—higher, perhaps, than at any other time in history—has had a curious result. Urban lesbians, parroting our gay male counterparts, have shifted from a lesbian feminist ethic to one in which material wealth is paramount. We have adopted the language and attitudes of gay men, in which more is better, pretty is the only option and in which we marginalize our own political consciousness with derisive terms like "granola lesbian" and "downwardly mobile." Lesbian feminist analysis has slipped away to a "gay women's" analysis in which we join with gay men to fight for gay rights. Unfortunately, the gay rights agenda has never included women's rights and continues to deny us with a shrill "But we're dying!" that fails to recognize the all-too-narrow definition of that "we."

Rosemary Kuropat is a former co-director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force and has been active in gay community politics for many years.

ALBERT D. CUNNINGHAM

As a gay man of color working in the AIDS "industry," I feel compelled to affirm and amplify the observations and opinions expressed by Darrell Yates Rist. I too am witness to the "fashionable hysteria" rampant in overwhelmingly white male gay settings, and admire Rist for opening himself to the derision and ostracism his insights will likely cost him among the gay "elite" that populate them. I am rarely a guest at such gatherings, and within the professional and social contexts in which the opportunity to comment along these lines appears, I am either ignored, patronized or used as a means of expiating the legitimate guilt of those whose racism is killing my brethren. (ACT UP deserves credit, though, for at least addressing the issues of discrimination against people of color with AIDS, something Rist fails to address adequately in his essay.)

What concerns me even more than gay racism (as familiar and predictable, if not more so, as American racism) is the fact that as AIDS moves in ever-greater numbers into the communities of people of color, it is these same gay white men who are seeking to control the dollars being spent in minority communities to educate about, prevent and combat its effects. No better example of this exists than New York City's Gay Men's Health Crisis, an organization that treats people of color who dare to "darken" its well-appointed doorstep with amazing rudeness and condescension, while seeking to guarantee its continued existence by tapping into the new mother lode of minority-targeted funding. It is probably better in the long run that G.M.H.C. doesn't do gay and lesbian youth programming—who wants a new generation of clones of these insensitive, self-serving snots? It is bad enough that some of the best people of color presently working to educate and counsel their communities are consigned to the ranks of G.M.H.C. employment because of its stranglehold on AIDS funding. These "AIDS corporations" hire just enough people of color to "window dress" for the benefit of funders (leaving administrative and support staffs white) and then tie the hands of those they hire through their ignorance of and insensitivity to basic issues of the communities being targeted. And the AIDS industry is no different from any other high-profile, white-run Old Boys' network: You either play with the Big Boys or you don't play at all. Funding goes to those groups with "a proven track record."

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FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO STONY BROOK . . .

Professor E. Fred Dube of the State University of New York/Stony Brook has been slandered and persecuted; denied the tenure overwhelmingly recommended by his department, by two faculty committees and by two successive university review committees; and finally deprived of his job on the basis of the false accusation of anti-Semitism.

A Black South African and a member of the African National Congress who was imprisoned on Robben Island and exiled for his protests against apartheid, Dr. Dube has unrelentingly fought for equality for all peoples and against all forms of racism. For 10 years, Professor Dube was an outstanding professor of Africana Studies and Psychology at Stony Brook.

In a series of events reminiscent of education and justice in apartheid South Africa and McCarthyism in the U.S., Dr. Dube became the target of a well-orchestrated campaign based on misinformation.

- In 1977, Professor Dube begn to teach at SUNY/Stony Brook. One of his courses was on the Politics of Race. Dr. Dube raised the most controversial issues, urged the students to avoid stereotyped thinking and encouraged them to develop their own opinions based on their research.

- In 1983, a visiting Israeli professsor who had never met Dr. Dube nor audited his class charged that Dr. Dube was anti-Semitic. His allegation was based on his own response to the fact that Dr. Dube had included an option to discuss Zionism and racism as one of the twelve topics for a paper.

- The Faculty Senate at Stony Brook investigated the allegations. A Jewish student testified on behalf of five Jewish students in Dr. Dube's class that the charge was unfounded. By a vote of 54 to 14, the Faculty Senate concluded that Dr. Dube's teaching was consistent with the responsibility to be sensitive to differing viewpoints on controversial issues.

- Without meeting Dr. Dube or investigating in depth, the local and then the national Anti-Defamation League launched a national and international campaign to remove Professor Dube directed at President John Marburger. The campaign reached into the office of Governor Cuomo, who denounced Dube. The Jewish Defense Organization descended on the campus, distributed Dube's home address and phone number and threatened to *"teach a lesson in 'Jewish Justice'"* to Dr. Dube if he remained at Stony Brook. Dr. Dube's wife and children received threatening phone calls.

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- In 1985, two faculty committees at Stony Brook recommended that Dr. Dube be given tenure. President Marburger, under intense pressure and threatened with a cutoff of state funds and private contributions, refused to accept the faculty's recommendations. Dr. Dube appealed.

- A review committee of three faculty members—one appointed by the President, one by Dube, and the third selected by the first two—was convened. It *unanimously* recommended tenure.

- SUNY Chancellor Clifton Wharton refused to accept their recommendations and formed an unprecedented second review committee. The second review committee *unanimously* recommended tenure.

- Chancellor Wharton once again refused to accept the recommendations of the faculty—and *terminated* Dr. Dube!

On February 24, 1987, ***The New York Times*** in an editorial entitled "Academic-Not-So-Freedom at SUNY" concluded that the denial of tenure to Dr. Dube dealt "a blow to academic freedom, a concept meant to encompass even the most bitter differences of opinion." Neither freedom of speech nor academic freedom are rights in South Africa. In the U.S., freedom of speech is a constitutional right, a right once again under attack in many classrooms today. All too frequently, professors exercising this right have lost their jobs. A victory for Dr. Dube can be a turning point in discouraging ideological assaults against the freedom to teach and to learn in U.S. classrooms.

In this bicentennial year of the Constitution, we, the undersigned, from universities, communities and organizations across the country urge that immediate tenure be granted to Professor Dube. The denial of his rights and the rights of his students threatens and limits the rights of us all. An affirmation of his rights is a triumph for us all.

Individual letters of protest should go to: The Chancellor, SUNY, State University Plaza, Albany, NY 12246 and to Gov. Mario Cuomo, Executive Chamber, State Capitol, Albany, NY, 12224.

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NCBL/Dube Fund
126 W. 119th Street
New York, NY 10026

This is a corrected version of the ad printed in the February 27th issue. That ad contained an inadvertent textual error, which we sincerely regret.

—The Dube Support Committee

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And this brings me to the ultimate issue: How do people of color, struggling to overcome racism, homophobia *and* an ever-increasing incidence of AIDS get past Rist's insular community of AIDS-obsessed white gay males to put the fires out in our own communities? As of January, 42 percent of all AIDS cases were in black, Latino, Asian/Pacific Islander or American Indian/Alaskan native communities! It can be argued that AIDS has peaked in the gay white male community; that the early activism of New Yorkers and San Franciscans has worked.

In any event, things are quite different in people-of-color communities. First of all, gay men (and women) of color are not self-segregated like gay white men. Reaching them requires reaching their entire communities, not just with AIDS prevention and education information but with messages of compassion for those who are suffering and their families. It requires dealing with intravenous drug use, an epidemic of at least as great severity, with less immediate hope. Overall, it requires changing longstanding racial and ethnic attitudes about sexuality and feelings of self-esteem. All of this requires money, and lots of it. Even Surgeon General C. Everett Koop has acknowledged that as AIDS becomes a minority issue, it will be marginalized in the American consciousness and funding will begin to dry up. If newly appointed drug czar William Bennett's performance as Secretary of Education is any indicator, we need not look to him for government-funded solutions to either the causes or the effects of our drug-crazed communities.

So, while I agree and empathize with Rist's call for "a choice of life" within the white gay community, I feel we must find a way to share that message among the larger community, gay and hetero, white and people of color. AIDS, like so many other afflictions of our society, is yet another reminder that, in the words of Martin Luther King, "We must learn to live together as brothers (and sisters), or die together as fools."

Albert D. Cunningham is the resource development writer for the minority affairs program of the National AIDS Network.

ANDREW E. NORMAN

Darrell Yates Rist's courageous, eloquent, passionate, intemperate article makes one think. Such articles are rare, but they are risky. When one is provoked into thinking, it is not always easy to know when to stop.

For example, Rist's first paragraph ends with a reference to "gay teen-age runaways who risked their lives bartering sex for meals and drugs, hustling on every street corner." I squirm with guilt at my unwillingness to challenge the use of "gay" to describe such a human condition. I reject a half-sensed implication that my primary response to runaway teen-agers bartering sex for anything, or anything for drugs, should be admiration for their gallantry. I want to know what the Hetrick-Martin Institute is attempting and accomplishing with "its dreary facilities, small staff and paltry budget," in more detail than the brief summary Rist provides. I want to know how to relate this to services provided and not provided to heterosexual teenagers hustling sex on street corners for meals and drugs.

I also want *The Nation* to follow up on Rist's two paragraphs on antihomosexual violence and the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project. I understand Rist's outrage at the absence of "a sustained outcry from the gay community" and at its skimpy contributions to the Anti-Violence Project, as well as to the Hetrick-Martin Institute. But the rest of us should not be allowed, much less encouraged, to close our hearts, mouths or checkbooks with the rationale that if "they" don't stand up for themselves and take care of their own, why should we?

These thoughts lead me to wonder whether it is not time to question the tendency of Rist and others to ground their analysis and advocacy so heavily on the concept of homosexuals as a separate "community." I know the concept of homosexual community is not wholly fanciful (I worked on Christopher Street in New York in the early 1980s), but most of the homosexuals I know seem to be just as much members of their neighborhood, professional, cultural and above all familial communities as everybody else. Would it not be fruitful for such persons to seek more support and solidarity from their neighbors, colleagues and relatives on issues relating to homosexuals? To the extent that activists such as Rist encourage "us" to think of homosexual persons as "them," do they not abet all the familiar, harmful results of us/them thinking?

Rist's analysis of the confusions, evasions, perversions and exploitations festering beneath the skin of accepted responses to the AIDS epidemic required courage and insightful compassion. I hope *The Nation* can find comparably skillful writers to instigate some honest thinking on other subjects that have become encrusted with unassailable conventional pieties.

Andrew E. Norman is an occasional letter-writer to The Nation.

DARRELL YATES RIST REPLIES

I have watched, in these last eight years, men dearest to me sicken black-magically and die. I have kept that watch since the dark beginning of this epidemic, cradling friends' feverish heads, crawling into their home and hospital beds to embrace them while space-suited doctors pasted contagion warnings at their doors and parents stood distant and pallid with fear, when the AIDS virus was unknown or a newly named dread thing, when the vomit and drool and sweat and even the tears of the sick were considered deadly.

My adversary critics—invidiously misquoting or otherwise distorting the argument—would have it that I am the enemy of all AIDS activism. They cannot have it their way. From those early, darkest days of AIDS, I have stood public and defiant. That history is known well. I stand with the fearful and the stricken still. But I have made my case: I am galled by obsession and that ever more pervasive brand of activist who breeds hysterias among us as evil as disease, and who gorges on the celebrity of it all, with magnificent hubris demanding the cure as though a Congress more compliant could legislate it. Nor can I stomach the devouring selfishness of their cause, which sacrifices all other human suffering and the affirmation of life to this one disease.

In the long anguish of this epidemic, the terror of death has driven the "gay community" into contrary camps—those of us who see injustice as a wholesale product in America and those who feel great grief as abiding uniquely in themselves. As mad as the Ayatollah, Larry Kramer, ACT UP's founding elder and the AIDS movement's spiritual guide, not long ago wished aloud in *7 Days* that Ed Koch "should have another stroke and die for real"—in expiation for Kramer's "500" friends dead of AIDS whom he believes the Mayor's policies "killed." A megalomaniacal sum of intimates at any rate—and a fundamentalist vengeance more generally understood, perhaps, as ugly in the older man but applauded as radical chic in his youngsters.

These AIDS-obsessors notch their belts, exaggerate and—even as medical consensus builds that infection with HIV doesn't equal illness and that the illness, more "manageable" by the day, no longer equals death—they cling ever more to their pious hopelessness. Now, eight years into things, a cabal of white lesbians, functionaries of the men, comes concocting an "epidemic" out of five cases of woman-to-woman transmission (the number cited by ACT UP in the past) or

(*Continued on Page 392*)

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Purest Kind of a Guy

NATHAN IRVIN HUGGINS

PAUL ROBESON. *By Martin Bauml Duberman. Alfred A. Knopf. 804 pp. $24.95.*

Devoid of heroes, awash in TV images of the pathetic and the banal, we do not know how to respond to tragedy in its classic form. Yet Paul Robeson was a true tragic figure, an avatar from a more heroic age. He and his life were just the right stuff for an Aeschylus, for King Lear's or Othello's Shakespeare. He was a man of such enormous natural endowment in talent and in his physical being as to seem almost godlike. His strength of character, consistency and loyalty to transcendent values would be seen as political naïveté and would, in the end, ensnare him as a victim of swarming Lilliputians.

It is the wonderful achievement of Martin Bauml Duberman to have recaptured the greatness of Paul Robeson and the ambiguity and treacherousness of his time, while guarding his own critical sense, avoiding many partisan and ideological traps.

Robeson was born in 1898 in Princeton, New Jersey. His father, who escaped from slavery in 1860, was a minister. His mother, a schoolteacher, died when he was 6 years old. Character and honesty were essential elements in his upbringing, and he always found his rock and moral sustenance in the black church and community.

Robeson seemed special from the beginning. He excelled—indeed, triumphed—at everything to which he put his hand or mind. He was an extraordinary athlete and scholar. All-American in football at Rutgers University, he graduated Phi Beta Kappa and valedictorian of his class. He worked hard for these achievements, and he faced, as did other black men, the extra hurdles and obstacles of racism. But his slightest effort seemed to level the barriers, and his warm good humor seemed disdainfully to dismiss racists who would stand in his way.

While taking his law degree at Columbia University, he began performing small theatrical roles. He jumped at the chance to play the lead in Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings* when it opened in 1924. He also took the lead in *The Emperor Jones*, which for a while ran on alternate nights from *All God's Chillun*. The plays got mixed notices, but Paul Robeson was hailed.

Robeson's mere presence onstage brought a dynamic charge. It was his body of course, his size and effortless command of self and scene, but it was also some quality of character that read to an audience. You do not work at it or learn it—you either have it or not. Robeson had it. Throughout his professional life, regardless of the type of production or the vagaries of performance, his presence was hailed by audiences and critics.

In 1925, Robeson launched his career as a concert singer, giving solo performances of spirituals and work songs. In this, he found the finest expression of his talent. His genuine awe of and love for the common people and their music flourished throughout his life and became his emotional and spiritual center. Whatever his ventures into theater, film or politics, he would always find his home in the songs of everyday people and in his magnificent voice.

The great triumph in the theater for Robeson was his Othello, which he first performed in London in 1930. It was a historic event, as a black actor had not played the role in England in a century. Despite his great success, it would be more than a decade before Robeson could open in *Othello* on Broadway. It was unheard of for a black man to play a romantic lead in the United States, especially against a white woman. But Robeson's *Othello* was even greater here than it had been in England: The New York production had 296 performances, a record for Shakespeare on Broadway at the time.

Richly endowed black men have a hard lesson to learn. All the talent in the world, all the charm or charisma, will not of themselves convert a world corrupted by racism. In Robeson's case, what opened his eyes was a failed romance with a white British woman, Yolande Jackson. They had been deeply in love and planned to marry after Paul divorced his wife, Eslanda. Social and family pressure, however, persuaded Jackson to walk away from what she had professed was the love of her life.

It had all been too easy for Robeson in the beginning. He had met and confronted racism, but he had never before been defeated by it. His painful experience with Yolande Jackson forced upon him a different consciousness. While in London in the 1930s he also came to know Africans like Jomo Kenyatta and learned about the African independence movement. In 1934 he visited the Soviet Union, where he became friends with filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein, and where he was idolized. He fell in love with the Russian language (in which he would become fluent) and added Russian songs to his repertory, as he did the songs of working people and peasants around the world.

From the mid-1930s Robeson viewed himself and his art as serving the struggle for racial justice for nonwhites and economic justice for the workers of the world. In 1938 he went to Spain to lend his support to the Republic's war against Franco and Fascism. By the outbreak of World War II, there seemed to him to be a single, global conflict between the progressive forces working for democracy, socialism and equality and the Fascist ones defending colonialism, racism and exploitation. He had no doubt that the Soviet Union, which he saw as in the vanguard of the new age, was on the right side of that struggle.

During the war years, Robeson was optimistic that progressive forces in the United States (the labor movement, those fighting Jim Crow, the New Deal's left, the left in general) would emerge triumphant. He was dismayed, however, by postwar policy. He saw an American government all too eager to take up the colonial powers' burden in Asia and Africa, preferring cold war to peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union, launching what he saw as a purge of the progressive left by means of anti-Communist hysteria.

He threw himself into the 1948 campaign for Henry Wallace and the Progressive Party. With that defeat, there seemed even more reason to marshal international and domestic forces for peace, racial justice and the self-determination of colonized peoples. This political agenda aligned him with the professed aims of the Soviet Union and put him at odds with American cold war policy. As the pro-Soviet left in the United States came under heavier attack, Robeson became more determined in its defense.

Nathan Irvin Huggins is W.E.B. DuBois Professor of History and Afro-American Studies at Harvard University. He is author of Harlem Renaissance *(Oxford University Press).*

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In 1949, speaking in Paris to the Congress of the World Partisans of Peace, Robeson said that neither black nor white workers would make war against the Soviet Union or anyone else. Misquoted at home, his words were taken to mean that blacks would not defend the United States in a war against the Soviet Union, suggesting a primary loyalty to the latter. Robeson became a major target in the witch hunt. Black leaders were especially eager to establish their anti-Communist credentials by distancing themselves from him. In 1949 it would require deft contortions for A. Philip Randolph, Roy Wilkins and much of the black press to find an acceptable position on the bloody and racist-inspired Peekskill riot organized to block a Robeson concert.

Robeson stood firm during these postwar years despite, as Duberman's biography suggests, his possible disillusionment with the Soviet Union. On a visit to the Soviet Union in 1949 he insisted on seeing his friend Itzik Feffer, a Russian-Jewish writer who had been arrested by Soviet authorities. Feffer told him of widespread oppression and of brutality toward Russian Jews. At his Moscow concert ending this visit, Robeson spoke publicly of Feffer and then, after reciting the words in Russian, sang in Yiddish the Warsaw Ghetto resistance song. But on returning to the West, Robeson was deceptive and evasive about the plight of the Jews in Russia. Even after Feffer disappeared years later, Robeson was silent. The cause, to his mind, was much larger than the Soviet Union, and he would do nothing to sustain the feeding frenzy of the American right.

In 1950 the State Department took Robeson's passport, claiming his travel abroad would be "contrary to the best interests of the United States." Promoters refused to book him and concerts were canceled, but there was little liberal or mainstream protest. Black audiences and churches remained loyal to him, regardless of what they thought of his politics. That small group, and the diminished left, could hardly sustain a career. The State Department remained adamant, despite protests both here and abroad. In defiance, Robeson had his voice amplified across the Canadian border, and he once telephoned a concert to an enthusiastic audience in Britain, but he was effectively silenced.

Deprived for eight years of his right to travel abroad, he remained popular overseas nevertheless, returning in 1958 to enthusiastic audiences in Britain and the Soviet Union. But the physical and psychological cost had been high. He suffered serious depressions from 1956 on; in 1961, while in Moscow, he slit his wrists. Except for brief periods he spent the remaining fifteen years of his life in psychic retreat and pain—treated for much of the time by electroshock therapy and heavy medication. He returned to the United States in December 1963 and lived in seclusion until a fatal stroke in January 1976. His ventures into public were rare in the intervening years, but in each he was warmed by the unflagging affection that black people had for him. Except for W.E.B. DuBois, no other black American had ever been so great that the mobilized and monstrous might of the United States government was required to chain him.

Martin Duberman has done a masterful job in this biography. Robeson left only a small written record, and much had to come from the papers of his wife, the very opinionated and truly remarkable Eslanda. Duberman has balanced her account—consulting other archives, conducting more than 135 interviews and exploiting those F.B.I. documents he could get at by way of the Freedom of In-

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March 20, 1989

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settled. Paul Robeson might have served drama better had he gone out of life raging in madness rather than in the awful pain of depression. He was forced in the end to retreat into a wilderness with his ghosts. He was, alas, more Lear than Othello. Martin Duberman has made both that pain and that glory accessible to us. □

Religion

EL MELTSNER

TITUTIONAL FAITH. *By San- Levinson. Princeton University Press. 50 pp. $19.95.*

Almost before the ink dried in 1787, lawyers and politicians adopted a rhetoric of sacramental Constitutionalism. And they haven't stopped yet. With his wonderful knack for finding the right quotation, Sanford Levinson gives us former Representative Barbara Jordan on the occasion of her vote to impeach Richard Nixon: "My faith in the Constitution is whole. It is complete. It is total. I am not going to sit here and be an idle spectator to the diminution, the subversion, the destruction of the Constitution." Luther couldn't have put it any better, and Jordan's thrilling voice rang out as if from the pulpit.

In this intriguing book, Levinson examines the history and the substance of our "civil religion" of the Constitution. Echoes of this tradition are still heard in debates over whether the constitutional holy writ includes custom, secondary texts and history or is restricted to scriptural fundamentalism. Of equal age and intensity is the battle over the proper role of the priests. Is the Constitution what the Justices say it is or does it have a life of its own? Not an academic matter for those who must decide whether to treat court decisions as resolving moral as well as legal issues or as simply settling matters between the parties to a particular lawsuit. On this point one can readily imagine that Jordan's homage is to some other Constitution than that reflected by the Supreme Courts that decided *Dred Scott v. Sandford* and *Plessy v. Ferguson.* A few cynics might contend that those who appeal to the spirit beyond the text—beyond the meaning given it by Justices—or to the existence of other legitimate oracles, are merely those who have lost in court.

In a diverse secular society, many fear anarchy in any suggestion that the Justices don't function like the great umpire Bill ("It ain't nothing till I call it") Klem. The religion of the Constitution is bolstered by the suspicion that we have nothing to put in its place. But in a startling passage, Levinson reminds us that Lincoln was thought to have saved the Union at the price of infidelity to the Constitution, and that he saw his responsibility as loyalty to the Declaration of Independence's promise of liberty for all rather than to the Constitution. "Four score and seven years" brought him back to 1776, not to 1787.

Levinson is quick to point out that first principles can both bond and break apart. One woman's constitutionally permitted abortion is another's constitutionally approved murder. The link between worship and heresy is necessary, not contingent. It would be nice to believe that the Constitution expresses shared values and common ends, even as the United States has become a rainbow of disparate cultures—but don't bet on it. Even that other competitor for the godhead, televised consumerism, can't quite convince serious adults that color, culture and family don't matter if you drink Bud Lite.

The United States has always been a nation obsessed by finding unity through law and now may seem to have become a nation of lawyers. It makes perfect sense: If the Constitution is our creed, surely the way to join the elect is to go to law school. So it is not particularly surprising that Levinson's penultimate chapter begins with an examination of nihilistic constitutional law professors and atheistic theologians. Can they be deemed fit to teach in schools of law and theology, where presumably we pass on some rudiments of faith to the young? What sort of creed, he asks, finds nothing inconsistent in putting unbelievers in charge of propagating the faith?

The signal virtue of these fascinating travels through the metaphoric and historical life of the secular worship of the Constitution is the challenge—which the author greets if he doesn't fully meet—to work out the terms of one's own constitutional faith. Would you sign the document, as Levinson did, after initial hesitation, when given the opportunity at a Bicentennial exhibit sponsored by the United States Park Service? And if so, to just what Constitution would you give your allegiance? The version adopted in 1787 failed to contain a bill of rights, enshrined antidemocratic elements such as the electoral college and a malapportioned Senate, and legitimized slaveholding. Even as amended after the trauma of the Civil War, the Constitution left women without the vote and permitted the Supreme Court to offer greater legal protection to corporations than to the former slaves, whose status as property it had previously helped to confirm. If you are reluctant to impose contemporary standards on the past, what of today's Constitution? No one seems much concerned that it says nothing about nuclear weapons. The Court's defense of a range of human rights from free speech to abortion may persuade you to take pen in hand, but at the same time many people are increasingly uneasy about the whole enterprise of defining, interpreting and applying a two-hundred-year-old charter.

The unease may remain abstract and remote most of the time, but it has a habit of surfacing at times of decision and crisis: George Bush and Michael Dukakis debating the Governor's responsibility to veto legislation requiring the Pledge of Allegiance in schoolrooms; Robert Bork defending (or altering his defense of) a Constitution whose present meaning turns on something called the intentions of the Framers; Richard Nixon deciding whether to turn the Watergate tapes over to a special prosecutor; the Supreme Court's invalidating the abortion laws of all fifty states in 1973 on grounds that to many evoke smoke and mirrors. These are but a few of the recent encounters with questions that define the matrix of our public life. What are the proper sources of constitutional meaning? How do we arrive at those meanings? Does the Supreme Court have a monopoly on settling them? And most important, can the Constitution ever be

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worthy of respect by those less well off if the Court justifies the law it makes by magical links to the past, to the law it made before?

Levinson gives a limited yes to the last question in an all too brief coda. He affirms the Constitution because of its fluidity, its "resistance to any kind of fixity or closure, even though some would seek it either in the text or in the pronouncements of an authoritative institution like the Supreme Court." The key point for Levinson is discourse. The Constitution provides a language and a setting in which the serious communicant may take "responsibility for constructing" a vision of public life. Constitutional conversation tells us as much about what we want our society to become as it tells what it has been in the past.

It is rather peculiar that in this excursion into his personal faith, Levinson tells us little about his own religious beliefs, only that even his "best" Constitution "might" come into conflict with his moral commitments—and he hopes it would be the Constitution that would give way. I find this a bit vague. What moral commitments is he thinking or, more significantly, should we be thinking about?

To see the Constitution as the arena in which we work out our future, as valuable a notion as it may be, is but the beginning of analysis. If allegiance resides in the quality of constitutional discourse, how do we conduct it? Will the courts ever discover ways of talking about justice or policy without being slammed for their failure to adhere to "neutral principles"? Is the present process the best one, or should it be replaced by a theory of judicial review, which John Ely has argued "can appropriately concern itself only with questions of participation, and not with the substantive merits of political choice"?

What would happen, to take an example, if at the confirmation hearings of the next Supreme Court Justice we were not treated to a theater of the absurd where the nominee speaks coyly in generalities, supporters talk as if this Justice would never do anything but what pr[e]cedent tells her to do and opponents implicitly suggest the politics of the present will influence her every vote?

In the end, justice is the issue. Let's hear the constitutional faith of those we put in charge of it. Technical proficiency, experience and how many joints the nominee has smoked may be important, but so too is a more precise understanding of

March 20, 1989

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To Make the Wounde[d]

VANESSA NORTHINGTON GAMBLE

BALM IN GILEAD: Journey of a Healer. *By Sara Lawrence Lightfoot. Addison-Wesley. 321 pp. $18.95.*

One of my most painful experiences in medical school occurred during my junior clerkship in internal medicine. Wearing a lab coat and carrying a stethoscope, I had walked into a patient's room and introduced myself as a student doctor. He later asked a white male intern, "Why didn't that girl clean up while she was in here?" Twelve years later, I'm still angry. This incident shook my self-confidence and threatened to undermine not only my professional identity but my personal one. I was a good student at an Ivy League school, had begun to define myself as an aspiring physician and expected others to see me as one. The episode reminded me that, despite my credentials, achievements and white jacket, my race and gender would make it impossible for some people to see me as a physician. (I recall thinking that if I had been a white woman, at least I would have been mistaken for a nurse.)

I received support from an older black woman physician, Dr. Helen Dickens. Dickens had attended medical school nearly fifty years earlier and had been the first black woman admitted to the American College of Surgeons. I remember wondering how, and at what costs, she and other pioneering black women had succeeded in a white-male-dominated profession under circumstances much more difficult than the ones that I faced. How one particular woman, Dr. Margaret Lawrence, did [s]o the *Gilead: Journey* in memoir written b[y] Lawrence Lightfoo[t].

Lawrence had a d[i]
as a child psychiatrist. She graduated from Cornell University in 1936, and received her medical degree from Columbia University in 1940 and her master's in public health from the same institution in 1943. In 1946 she became the first black trainee at the Columbia Psychoanalytic Clinic, and in 1963 director of the Developmental Psychiatry Service at Harlem Hospital. Lightfoot, a professor of education at Harvard University and the recipient of a MacArthur Prize, makes plain that a simple recitation of these achievements obscures the pain that accompanied them. She demonstrates that trauma and the strength to overcome it are recurrent themes in her mother's professional and personal life.

When Lawrence arrived at Cornell, she entered what would be a career-long obstacle course. The only black undergraduate on campus, she was not allowed to live in the dormitories, and she supported herself by working as a domestic for white families. Nonetheless, she did well academically and expected to be admitted to Cornell Medical School. However, after praising her accomplishments, the dean told her that she could not attend because "twenty-five years ago there was a Negro man admitted to Cornell Medical School and it didn't work out. . . . He got tuberculosis."

Lawrence eventually gained admission to Columbia Medical School. She recalled, "I had fallen apart . . . but I came back." Once again, she was the only black student. Upon graduation, she faced another hurdle. She was not allowed to work at Babies' Hospital, ostensibly because housing could not be provided for a black woman in the nurses' dormitory, where female interns were housed. The expected track for black

Vanessa Northington Gamble is assistant professor of health policy and management at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. She is writing a book about the black hospital reform movement of the 1920s.

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physicians was to pursue training at black hospitals, which usually had inferior programs. A few were admitted to municipal hospitals, and Lawrence was eventually accepted at one of them, Harlem Hospital.

Her future triumphs are all the more remarkable because racism was not the only obstacle in her professional path. At Meharry Medical College, a school with a black student body, she was the only woman on the faculty during the early 1940s and encountered blatant sexism. She was excluded from intellectual camaraderie, overburdened with responsibilities and poorly paid in comparison with her male colleagues. The irony of her plight is profound, for the school had been established in response to racial discrimination in medicine.

Lawrence's life can be viewed, on one level, as an archetypal American success story of personal achievement against overwhelming odds. During the Reagan Administration, the lives and accomplishments of successful African-Americans like her were often held up to discount the impact of systematic racism. Armed with grit, fortitude and talent, the argument went, any individual could conquer any obstacles. *Balm in Gilead* demonstrates the hollowness of this argument. Its power and timeliness rest in its depiction of the subcutaneous scars of racism borne by those African-Americans who have all the markings of success. Fifty years after her rejection from Cornell Medical School, Lawrence wept as she told the story to her daughter. Lightfoot eloquently notes, "The ravages of racism run deep, penetrating the subterranean layers of the soul. Even when you emerge victorious and sing songs of sweet success, there are wounds that are not thoroughly healed."

Only in recent years have historians of American medicine begun to address issues of race. The lives and contributions of black physicians, especially women, remain for the most part unexamined. *Balm in Gilead* represents a significant addition to American medical biography. But the book is more than that, since Margaret Lawrence had a commitment to family as well as work. It is also the story of a daughter's spiritual and emotional journey to discover her own identity by attempting to understand her mother's life. Along the way she provides us with a candid and personal memoir of a black middle-class family. Her itinerary includes the then-segregated Southern city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, and a diverse

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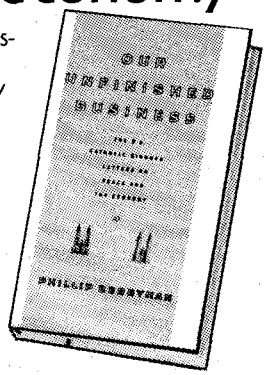

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Northern black community, Harlem.

Lightfoot describes the continuities and discontinuities of her family's history. She traces its healing/teaching tradition to her maternal grandparents, an Episcopalian minister and a schoolteacher. Her mother embraced this legacy and passed it on to her children, but deliberately abandoned other inherited expectations. Lawrence's family, like many others in the black community at the time, determined a person's value by skin color and hair texture—fair skin and straight hair were especially prized. For Lawrence such beliefs caused not only personal pain but signified community divisiveness. She did not want her children to think that their worth and her love for them were tied to their complexion. Lawrence abandoned another part of her heritage as well: Her family had been dominated by strong women whose fortitude had stemmed from a distance from and a distrust of men. Lawrence wanted autonomy but she did not want to achieve it in the same fashion as her relatives. She also wanted a strong relationship with a man. She found both in her long marriage to Charles Lawrence, a sociologist.

The vitality and complexity of mother-daughter relationships is another theme of *Balm in Gilead*. By book's end it is clear that the writing of it helped Lightfoot better understand her connection to her mother: "I look into my mother's eyes and see my own reflections—not mirror images but refracted, varied." It is not a one-way mirror; Margaret Lawrence, too, sees her own reflection in her daughter's eyes. Their relationship provides each woman with an abundant source of reaffirmation and sustenance. Lightfoot admits that the opportunity to collaborate with her mother on this book was a rich and rare experience. So it is also for the reader.

Lightfoot concentrates on events up to her mother's early adulthood; the book only offers glimpses of Lawrence's life from the late 1940s to the present. I wanted to know more about what happened in the intervening years. How did Margaret Lawrence react to the death of her parents? What were her views on the civil rights movement? What are her feelings about the entrance of more black women into the medical profession? How has she reacted to the changes in life in Harlem? It is a tribute to Lightfoot's work that the omission of later events makes the reader yearn to know more about her mother.

In a recent review in *The New York Times Book Review*, H. Jack Geiger mistakenly described *Balm in Gilead* as "full of interior pain, denial and rage repressed so deeply that it is never felt." He does not believe Lawrence's assertion that, as a child growing up in a protective family in the segregated South, she did not feel the daily assaults of racial exclusion. But Geiger misses a vital point about African-American psychic survival. We have learned that we cannot feel and react to every act of racism; to do so would keep us from functioning as human beings. As Margaret Lawrence's story makes clear, African-American life contains not only trauma and scars but also strength and healing, and it cannot be measured solely by its reactions to white America. Lawrence's life stands as an affirmation of the spiritual from which the title is derived. Yes, there is a balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole. □

GERANIUM

How many years did I lug it, pale and leggy,
onto the porch for the summer? There its stems
turned thick, its leaves curly and dark,
and it bloomed almost immediately.

Before first frost I'd bring it back inside
where it yellowed like the soles of the feet
of someone very old. Its flowers fell apart.

One spring I cut back all but one shoot,
and that I tied against a bamboo stake
to make a long straight stem.
Then I pinched out the new growth repeatedly
until I had a full, round ball on a stick,
like topiary at Versailles. It pleased me well;
its flowers were salmon pink.

I fed it fish emulsion, bone meal, wood
ashes; mulched it with cocoa pod hulls
in its Tuscan terra cotta pot.
It was my nightingale, my goose, my golden
child. We drank from the same cup.

After the night's downpour I find it snapped
off, lying on the ground like a rack of antlers.
Not even wilted yet—I've come upon the fresh
disaster. . . . Like Beethoven's,
its head had grown too large.

Jane Kenyon

BOOK NOTES.

THE HARVEST GYPSIES. *By John Steinbeck. Heyday Books. 62 pp. $7.95.*

In 1936, John Steinbeck published seven articles in the *San Francisco News* on the plight of migrant workers in California. His timing was perfect; as a result of dust bowl conditions throughout the plains states, California was flooded with more than a quarter-million displaced farm families. Steinbeck's articles drew notice, and two years later they were published, under the title *Their Blood Is Strong*, by the Simon J. Lubin Society. But over the years *Their Blood Is Strong* would become the Steinbeck book nobody read. It was virtually impossible to find, except in large research libraries. Now, thanks to Heyday Books, a small regional publisher in Berkeley, California, Steinbeck's *San Francisco News* articles are again available, collected under the title Steinbeck originally gave them, *The Harvest Gypsies*, and supplemented with pictures by Dorothea Lange and an introduction by Charles Wollenberg.

To get the material for his articles Steinbeck traveled the California back roads in an old bakery truck. His guide was Tom Collins, the manager of the Federal Resettlement Administration's migrant labor camp in Arvin and the model for Jim Rawley, the manager of

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the Weedpatch camp in *The Grapes of Wrath*, which was published three years later. Through Collins, Steinbeck could observe migrant life from an insider's perspective, and the experience showed later in his detailed portrayal of the Joads' lives.

The Harvest Gypsies is not, however, valuable to us simply as a source book for *The Grapes of Wrath*. It contains some of Steinbeck's best journalism. In a decade that produced James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* and George Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Steinbeck's reportage is easy to overlook. Unlike Agee and Orwell, Steinbeck did not make himself a central character in his writing. Rather, like Jacob Riis in *How the Other Half Lives*, Steinbeck was content to remain in the background and be a filter for his material.

And what a filter! We may forget Steinbeck's presence in *The Harvest Gypsies*, but we don't forget the sights the stark modesty of his prose conveys. "From a distance it looks like a city dump, and well it may, for the city dumps are the sources for the material of which it is built," Steinbeck writes of a migrant camp. "You can see a litter of dirty rags and scrap iron, of houses built of weeds, of flattened cans or of paper. It is only on close approach that it can be seen that these are homes." Steinbeck understood that for the men and women he was describing, the struggle for dignity was never-ending, and he caught that struggle in the most intimate terms. His account of a migrant family making a toilet by digging a hole in the ground near their tar paper shack, then surrounding the hole with burlap, tells us more about the precariousness of being poor than most books on the culture of poverty.

Steinbeck understood what former *Nation* editor Carey McWilliams would describe in detail in his *Factories in the Fields*: The industrialization of American agriculture was making the small farmer obsolete. But Steinbeck also saw the small farmer and his family as they saw themselves. They were not in Steinbeck's eyes an underclass but "the best American stock, intelligent, resourceful." By today's standards that sounds racist, especially Steinbeck's vision of "white labor" as the future in California. But Steinbeck, who found California's treatment of foreign workers "disgraceful," was no racist. He believed that the importation of foreign labor was over in California, and his focus on the Americanness of the new migrant, his insistence that this laborer

n the super-heated anticommunist politics of the early Cold War period, American liberals turned to the FBI. With the Communist party to the left of them and McCarthyism to the right, liberal leaders saw the Bureau as the only legitimate instrument to define and protect the internal security interests of the state. They delegated extensive powers to J. Edgar Hoover—creating a domestic intelligence capacity that circumvented constitutional and legal controls. This balanced account of the link between liberal leaders in the United States and the growth of the FBI will appeal to a broad audience of readers interested in the American political climate.

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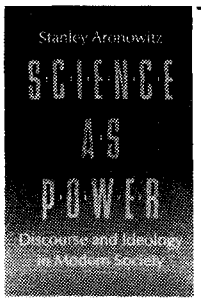

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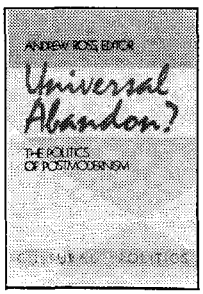

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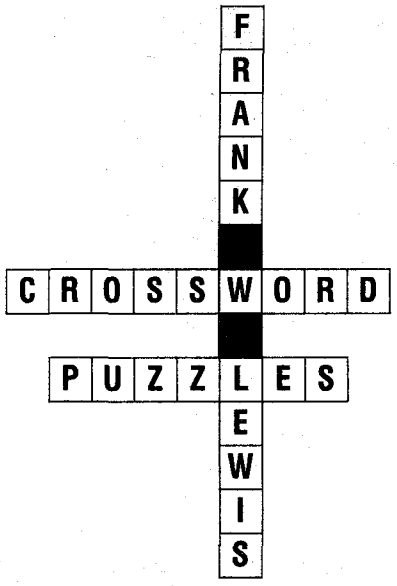

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would "refuse to accept the role of field peon," was his way of saying, This worker is us.

History would prove Steinbeck wrong. Defense plants, not the New Deal, would put the Okies back to work, and Mexican workers would once again play a key role in California agriculture. But history has not made *The Harvest Gypsies* dated. Signs like the one in a Central Valley movie theater requiring "Negroes and Okies" to sit in the balcony may be gone, but Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers union still fights battles that should have been won in the 1930s. Except when a U.F.W. strike brings national attention, the men and women the union is struggling to organize remain ghosts for most Americans.

NICOLAUS MILLS

Nicolaus Mills teaches American studies at Sarah Lawrence College, and is completing a book on the Mississippi Summer Project.

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Jazz CDs

An ironic effect of the boom in compact discs is that it's enticed record company execs back into their corporate past—which happens to be our cultural heritage. Before 1983, older pop and jazz recordings carried in the catalogues of major labels were mostly seen as bookkeeping nuisances, but now the tape vaults look like gold mines.

Partly that's because the marketing folks have discovered that you can sell the same thing at least twice, depending on the packaging. When the CD onslaught began, their fond dream was that it would lure the thirtysomething-and-beyond cohort, who had stopped buying records, back into the fold. They'd replace their old albums with shiny new discs that either duplicated the obsolete vinyl or superseded it with some kind of compilation—usually a greatest-hits package based on an artist or group, or a historical anthology of hits by different artists. The sales pitch was generally based around the laser-read medium itself, and emphasized its digital lack of tape hiss, expanded dynamic range and frequency response, its longer time capabilities as well as its alleged eternal durability.

As it turns out, there are limits to how much you can reshape the sound of a 1925 or even a 1965 recording without violating its integrity. In fact, each recording waiting to be digitally remastered raises a host of questions. How much, if at all, do you re-image the sound to accord with current senses of stereo space? How much reduction of tape hiss is too much? Should you cut off high-end frequencies that carry important overtones, like the ones that make a cymbal sound different from a pie plate?

These already complex problems are made even harder by the fact that each producer and engineer is effectively working alone. There are no overall standards about digital conversion, since the decisions depend on what generation of tape (if any) is available for digital reconfiguring; the quality of its original engineering and the effects of aging; and the producer's and engineer's ears and tastes as well as their sense of market demands.

There are nontechnological questions as well. CDs hold more music than typical LPs—today's disc can cram up to seventy-four minutes of sound into its bytes. Since most LPs, until the past decade, ran 40 minutes or less, should two be included on each CD reissue? After all, the cost of the material has been amortized since its initial release. In addition, the cost of manufacturing CDs dropped from almost $4 four years ago to under $2 by 1987, while wholesale and retail prices declined by only 25 percent.

The CD suits the Reagan era, and not only in its avowed dependence on entrepreneurial initiative. Like Star Wars, CDs are a futuristic technology that promises to return us to a happier, sanitized past. The CD also falls significantly short of the technological claims made for it. It replaces pops and clicks with dropouts (temporary sound loss), which have become more frequent as the quantities of CDs manufactured have increased. And more often than not, record companies don't make use of CDs' larger storage capacity. Lately, even their durability has been called into question. And like Star Wars, it charges a great deal for its failures. In addition, it benefits a small slice of the population—only 12 percent of U.S. households own a CD player—and yet it now dominates the entire marketplace. Culture, runs the implicit message, is something you pay for, and if you can't afford it you probably don't deserve it.

CDs, as the industry hoped, are on their way to becoming the dominant medium of commercial recording as well as

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a windfall of profitability. That's especially true for the small jazz departments of major labels. Jazz currently accounts for only around 3 percent of domestic album sales; by 1987, when CD fever hit, major jazz labels were releasing at least two reissues for each new album on CD.

The exponential increase in manufacturing has resulted in a chaotic outpouring of America's musical history into retailers' bins with little attention paid to the hows and whys of the process. Still, over time, each major record company has developed an identifiable technical approach and marketing strategy. The following brief sketches of corporate programs for CD jazz reissues should be seen as guides, not final pronouncements, but they are meant to help readers chart a course through the ever-more-crowded CD aisles.

The smaller labels with big old inventories, like Muse (which owns Savoy) and Fantasy (which holds Milestone, Contemporary, Pablo and a few others) start with the advantage of generally well-engineered master tapes, the ultimate source of any recording. They base their digital remastering on those tapes rather than using LP submasters. Some major record companies still use the latter, although they are two or three generations removed from the masters and suffer from loss of fidelity, greater tape hiss and so on. Because the independents are used to making money from the catalogue of older recordings, they often have a better sense of what the jazz audience wants. When they put out a boxed set of material, whether it's Miles Davis or Thelonious Monk, Bill Evans or Charlie Parker, it tends to be either comprehensive or complete with decent annotation and some historical and cultural context. They also generally offer both reissues of individual recordings and compilations.

The old Blue Note label, now owned by Capitol/EMI, reissues fine-sounding original LPs transferred to the digital medium in a midprice range—which translates to $1 or so more than vinyl, a good deal for the hard bop and soul jazz from the 1950s and 1960s that label specialized in. Similarly, the fabled Impulse! and Chess catalogues are now owned by MCA; after an on-again, off-again start, both those lines are turning out fine boxed sets (witness the recent Chuck Berry seventy-one-tune compilation) as well as beefing up their well-engineered original albums for CD reissue. Thus one recent CD presented two LPs' worth of John Coltrane's *Africa/Brass*, and another joined McCoy Tyner's *Inception* with *Nights of Ballads & Blues*. Too bad MCA doesn't do the same with their Decca material: It would be great to have comparable boxed sets or individual recordings by Bing Crosby or the Nat "King" Cole Trio at its height.

PolyGram, too, has made real strides in getting material from the vaults to the stores—which is saying a lot, since PolyGram owns the catalogues of such essential jazz labels as Verve, EmArcy and Mercury. PolyGram displays a leaning toward the boxed set. Its mammoth collections of Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington are dwarfed only by the prodigious *Bird: The Complete Charlie Parker on Verve*, a feast for the fanatic with its obsessively informed annotation, alternate takes and luxurious packaging. And on reissues of individual albums, the label frequently includes either outtakes or previously unreleased tracks from the same or related sessions to fill the CD's capacity.

Atlantic has, unfortunately, few options in its reissue program, since many of its master tapes were destroyed. Thus, most Atlantic Jazz reissues duplicate the usually well-recorded album of the same name. This means CD prices for an LP's worth of music. But, then, the label's few attempts at compilations have been so mindless, so contemptuous of both the individual artists and its own astounding history that they sank immediately into oblivion.

Compilations seem to be the favored route for the CD catalogue at both RCA and CBS. RCA got off to a rocky start that included screwing up what should have been a definitive Ellington compilation: *The Blanton-Webster Band* had to be redone, because careless engineering had dropped the opening piano bars of "Take the 'A' Train" and laced a couple of other classic cuts with static. Lately, RCA seems to have learned to put compilations together; their issues of Coleman Hawkins, Bix Beiderbecke, Earl Hines and early Duke Ellington avoid that sloppiness and offer fascinating glimpses of our musical legacy.

Glimpses is what you mostly get from CBS. The company's approach to digital remastering is idiosyncratic, at least to many sets of critical ears. Attempts to rid old recordings of the inevitable tape hiss often reduces the identifying high-end harmonics, transforming classics like Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue* or *Sketches of Spain* as they drop crucial sounds into near or total inaudibility. For that matter, huge chunks of work by Miles, Louis

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Armstrong and many others remain unavailable while the company spends time and money on an utterly worthless Bing Crosby set or a skewed and incomplete Miles Davis box.

It's heartening that CBS has recently begun putting out the Louis Armstrong Hot Fives and Hot Sevens tracks, which still sound a bit shrill compared to their European counterparts (according to Gary Giddins's *Satchmo*), and a solid Count Basie series. It's just doubly ironic that the company, which is now owned by Sony and has abruptly dropped its campaign against digital audio tape, has had such difficulty adjusting to the CD era. Reissues by Sony-CBS and other Japanese companies are among the most highly admired by collectors worldwide; their respectful approach to both material and sonic quality are near legendary. American jazz fans can only hope that Japanese know-how rubs off on the new U.S. subsidiary. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 382*)

three (*The Village Voice*'s count) or none (the Centers for Disease Control's), and the nutty *Village Voice* pleads with "Sapphists" to tie dental dams to their mouths with a piece of string, a practice which no doubt will result in massive numbers of suffocations. And in all this frenzy, the AIDS-devout scare the libido out of a citizenry more thoroughly than legal proscriptions have ever managed to, successfully executing the office of collaborators.

Fueling the schizophrenia, all the while, is the homosexual dogma that a whole species of human being is in danger of dying out, that a phenomenon of "gay culture" is being decimated. It is not true. Gore Vidal, with a clarity that makes ideologues suicidal, has insisted since gay liberation began that there is no homosexual or heterosexual person—gays and straights—only homo and hetero acts, no "gay" sensibility or mind-set. We are slow to listen (and I paint myself into corners when, for convenience, I so glibly use the old terms). If traveling more than 60,000 miles to research my book, *Heartlands: A Gay Man's Odyssey Across America*, taught me anything, it is that we "gays" share nothing but the amorphous consequences of the repression of same-sex sex and same-sex love; that a discrete homosexual "nature" is an insidious political fantasy; that what presents itself as "gay sensibility" is really no more than a series of baroque turns on the history of urban manners, which "gays" outside New York and San Francisco find as provincial and effete as the greater part of the "non-gay" population does. The right response to the culture's tyranny over sexual and romantic expression is defiant politics, not misty-eyed myths about community.

So it is that while a nation orgiastically diverts itself with arguments over homosexuality and the uniqueness of gay grief, the tyrant culture and its thugs ever more tightly draw the noose around our minds and genitals and brainwash the masses into believing that they are constitutionally "straight," leading us all, oblivious and divided, to our own executions.

Meanwhile, the real future devastation of AIDS is among indigent blacks and Latinos, not the white "gay" men who nonetheless keep a stranglehold on the attention and the funding. And, in any case, AIDS—from which, all told, 49,976 "gays" and "straights" have died in the past ten years—is not, except in the most grieved and frightened of imaginations, the greatest threat to the Republic's health. Every year, 97,500 men and women—presumably a representative percentage of them same-sex lovers—die of alcohol-related causes, not a shocking number in a nation so neurotic with repression. This year, 142,000 women in the United States, among them the lesbian-identified, will be stricken with breast cancer (for which there is no cure, either, despite decades of research); and in this one year, 43,000 will die of it (almost as many as AIDS has killed since the beginning). We keep on feeding the mouths of missiles with the national wealth while homelessness afflicts as many as 3 million of our citizens, among whom are the homosexually active or desirous. And a plague of poverty and malnutrition (which, when it doesn't kill, deadens spirits) will infect 32 million men, women and children of all sexualities in the United States in 1989.

It has been 213 years since the declaration of the Revolution. A campaign of violence throughout America ever more brutally teaches the poor, blacks, Latinos, women and queers of all kinds to keep our place. Myths lend false nobility to our sufferings. It is the nature of the servile to deny all responsibility for their plight. And the cycle of lunacy goes on, on, on.

Darrell Yates Rist is working on a book, Heartlands: A Gay Man's Odyssey Across America.

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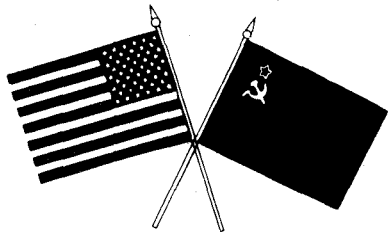

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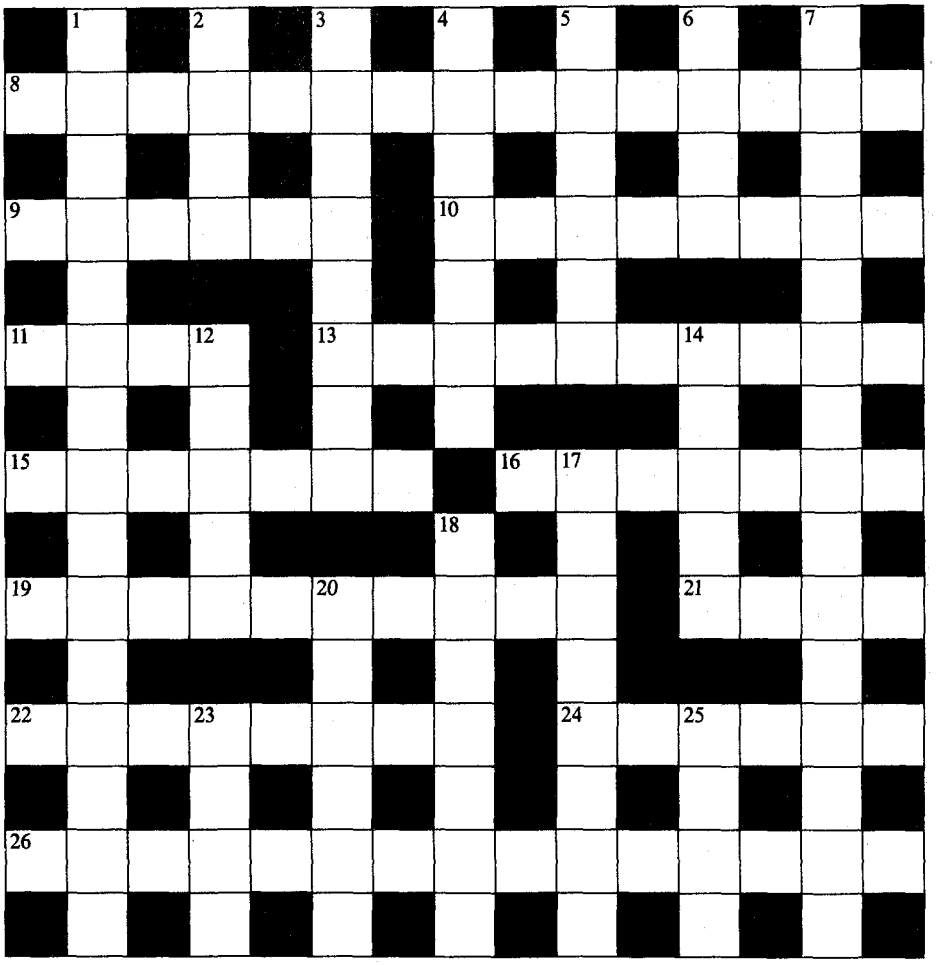

ACROSS

8 A notable bookkeeping entry, with copious (but unpoliced) recording. (11,4)
9 Going on amber, proceeding might be arbitrary here—but it might stiffen things. (6)
10 In this one takes turns, with the ratio not changed. (8)
11 See 19
13 Traffic circle in London, equivalent to a place where Americans go in circles quite happily. (9)
15 The crazy old man's nuts! (7)
16 Play here, perhaps, with the ultimate rate of exchange? (7)
19 and 11 Is the head well stretched in comparison? (2,5,2,1,4)
21 Possibly an unknowing accomplice comes back with the takings. (4)
22 What is found in the gallery, provided part of play is made by humans. (8)
24 That's the way of the old Italians! (A cheap piano might bring it out!) (6)
26 The blade might go through the surface if one does. (6,2,4,3)

DOWN

1 When a royal monarch has a sudden attack, does one suffer what might put others in the swim? (9,6)
2 By serious effort you can see one of the well-known flowers of Europe. (4)
3 The boy gets around there, all covered with soap! (8)
4 Diffusing fragrance, this has nothing to do with ours, in a way. (7)
5 How we should stand if we don't want to fall? (6)
6 The little notice above it should say "entrance," especially with mine. (4)
7 One is unlimited by law, though the sailor takes the sun, and an Indian and a man from Scotland get rather coy. (8,7)
12 Found in Burma or India? No, found in New Zealand. (5)
14 What is best about a member of a certain kingdom? (A misbehaving male might be termed a perfect example!) (5)
17 Splitting one is undoubtedly painful, (In the ad, a cheap one often appears.) (8)
18 Even with the best layers of cotton, one at the plate may feel it has only an average association. (7)
20 Around the listeners, he might be expected to carry the body. (6)
23 With a patriot, any little bit shows! (4)
25 This flower should be related to the rose! (4)

PUZZLED?

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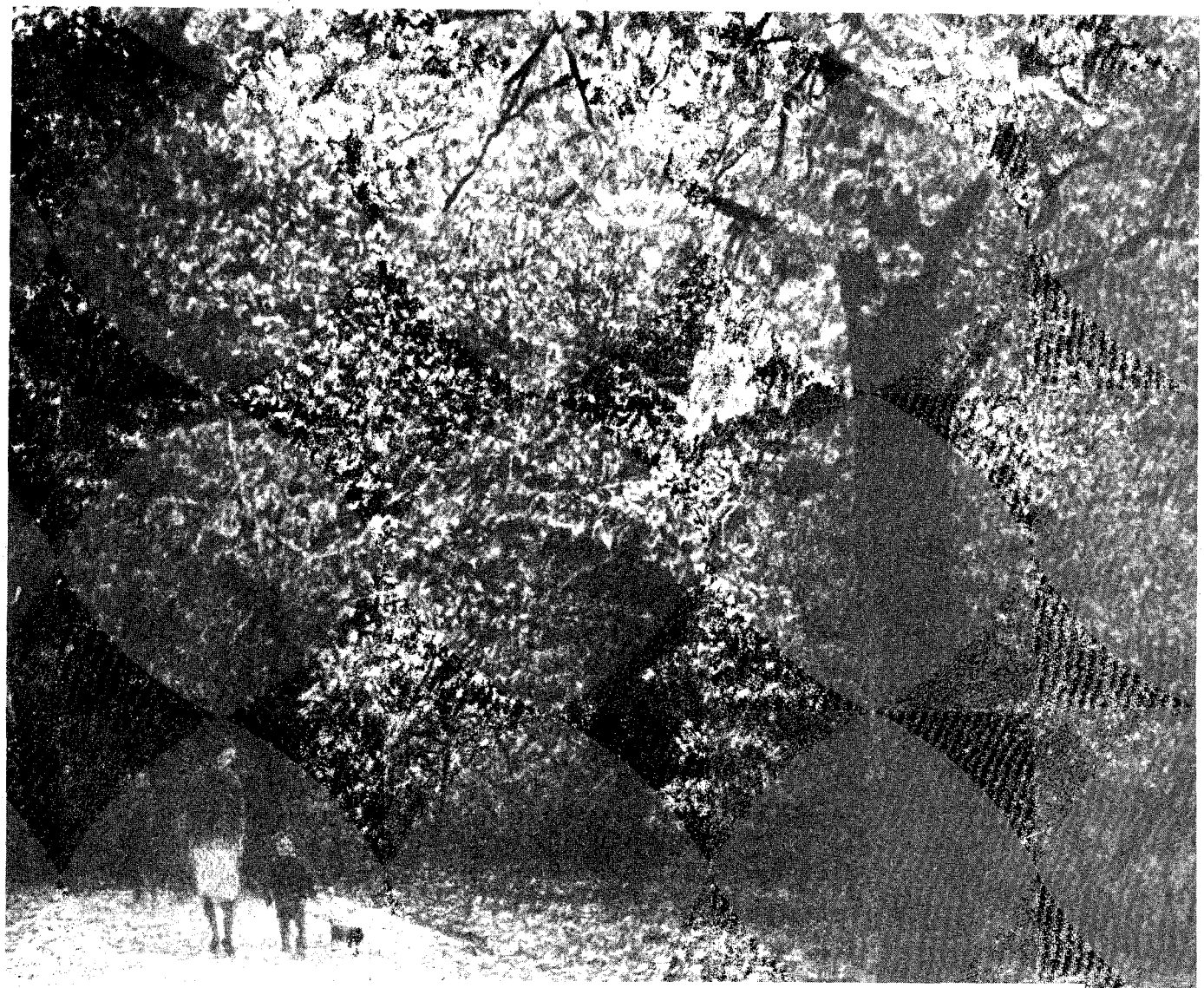

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